TER TRIA:
OR THE
DOCTRINE
OF THE
Three Sacred Persons,
FATHER, SON, & SPIRIT.

Principal Graces,

FAITH, HOPE, & LOVE.

Main Duties,

PRAYER, HEARING, } and { MEDITATION.

Summarily digested for the pleasure and profit of the Pious and Ingenious READER.

By *Faithfull Teate*, Preacher of the Word at *Sudbury* in *Suffolk*.

TRIA SUNT OMNIA.

The Last Edition.

Leipsig, Printed in the Year, 1699.

FIDELIS TATVS,

(*anagramm*)

TELIS FIDATVS, STATV FIDELIS.

IEHOVA's golden Shaft and blazing Sword,
FIDELIS had in Truſt (I mean his Word)

GODS Armour-bearer was *FIDELIS TATVS*,
Who was *FIDELIS* alwayes in that *STATVS*.



TO

TO THE WITS Of this AGE, pretended or real.

YOV Candidates for Fame, who ne're could gain
The Name of WITS, till you darst be profane;
Nor get the knack on't, till the Witty Devil
Gave you a smartness on a Theme was evil,
Who by elated Strains, taught you to raise
Some piece of clay, 'bove him who's above praise,
And having lost the Godhead, in it's place
By flattering lines to set some painted face:
Or with ingenious tartness to deride
The Scripture stile, and all that's good beside.
Let fall your Wanton pens, and blush to see
Your selv's out-done by Sacred Poetry.
Let all Wise-hearted, savo'ring things divine,
Come suck this TEAT, that yields both Milk and Wine.
Loe depths, where Elephants may swim, yet here
The Weakest Lamb of Christ wades without fear;
And you great Souls, who bathe in Contemplation,
Come, here's a prize, for Wits Worthy Recreation;
Mysteries as sweet as deep, pray read and try,
You'l be immerst in pleasure by and by.
If Words or things still please, here they accord,
Each other their benign aspects afford;
Words fit for Matter, matter fit for Men
Baxter or Boyle may read and read Again;
Who weighs the things, will say, TEAT did inherit
The subject of his lines, the Holy Spirit;

He that the Dreſs, (I meane) his Verſe peruſes,
Will ſay, that Teat's Thrice Three *ſurely were Muſes.*
So full of VVit and Grace, 'tis hard to ſay,
VVhether the Heat or Heard hath got the day;
A Heart ſo headed, and a Head ſo hearted,
(Bleſt Concord) pitty they ſhould e're be parted.
I'le VViſh that TEAT'S *and* HERBERTS *may inſpire*
Randals *and* Davenants *with Poetick fire;*
May th' VVits be vviſe, *and* faithful, Teat *like thee,*
To Conſecrate their Pens to thy Thrice Three.

Jo. Chiſhute.

THE AUTHOR *TO THE* READER.

OFt have I ſeen luxuriant Vitious VVit
A vvanton Rape on a fair Muſe commit,
At once diſtaining by leud Poetrie
The VVriters Paper-ſheets and Readers Eye.
And may not I oblige the thrice three Muſes
Chaſtly to ſerve ſo Sacred thrice three Uſes?
Is the grave Body of Divinity
Leſs currant for the feet of Poetry?
Are Truths, for being ſhort and ſweet, leſs ſound?
Or Streams, for running ſmoothly, leſs profound?
David, a Prophet, yet in Verſe excels;
'Twas *Eccleſiaſtes* made the Canticles.



Ter Tria.

FATHER.

THou that *begin'ſt* all things, begin my verſe:
My vvords are vvind; Thy vvords are vvorks;
Thou'lt lightneſs find, VVhere darkneſs lurks;
My Pen and Ink may me, not Thee, rehearſe.
My Pen is but a feather'd vanity,
Like me that vvrite; Yet ſhall this feather,
If thou'lt indite, Help me fly thither
VVhere Angels vvings make Pens beyond the ſky.
Father, mine *Inks* dark hue preſents mine heart.
Ink's not more dark, Ink's not more black;
One beam, one ſparke Supply this lack.
Father of Ligths, novv ſhevv thy perfect Art.
Lord teach me ſpeak, and I'll not hold my peace,
VVhich if *I* ſhould, The ſtones vvould come:
Though deaf, yet vvould They not be dumb;
Break into praiſes, ſtonie heart, for theſe.
No man hath ſeen thee, Father, but He vvho
Did ſometime come (Thy Sonit vvas)
Thy boſome from, Thy Looking-glaſs,
Hee's the vviſe Child, that doth his Father knovv.
VVho elſe ſings thee, ſings vvhat he hath not ſeen;
My Verſe hath feet, And fain vvould run
Thy praiſe to meet; But, leſt the Sun
Should hurt vveak ſight, the Clouds do interveen.
Then may I in thy Son thy ſelf diſcover;
Sure Hee, the Mirrour, That ſhevvs thy face,
Prevents mine errour; Chriſts fleſh like glaſs
A brighter Glory, but unſeen, doth cover.

Since then I must be silent, or begin
To sing th' Unseen; Father of Mercies,
That set'st the screen, Forgive my Verses;
O thou that vail'st their subject, vail their sin.
Father's a vvord my child learns first to mutter,
And thy child too, Thy nevv born Babe
First thing't can do Is to cry Ab;
But both come last to knovv vvhat first they utter.
Thou art the Father of that Son, that made
That vvomb on earth, That, vvithout Father,
Did give him birth; And might the rather,
He bee'ng begot, vvhere He no Mother had.
Then shall I call thee Father? Lord, thy Son
VVas call'd no less Before his birth;
Prophets confess He had on earth
His children, seed, and generation.
Th' Eternal Father call vve thee? or rather
Thy Child, thy Son Born to restore us,
Thine Holy One Giv'n to us for us?
I'll call Thee th' Everlasting Fathers Father.
All that's in God is God; and needs must be.
Thou mad'st mine eyes, Could'st thou forbear
Thy self to spie? Or so to rear
The blessed Image of thy self in Thee?
Surely thou couldst no more thy self not vievv;
Then, Lord, not love Thy self vvhen seen;
From vvhence thy Dove, As hatcht betvveen
Thy face and Looking glass, sprung forth and flevv.
Then shall I not beleev Thou'rt One, yet Three,
Father, and Son, And sacred Spirit,
That equal run, One bliss inherit?
Lord, I'll believ Thee surely such to bee.
Tet thou'rt the Father still: Those sparkling things,
Are Sons of God: Those vvinged flames
That fly abroad, (Thou knovv'st their names)
Made vvithout Bodies, made all face and vvings.
Faces they have, and eyes, and tongues, vvithall
To see and sing: But O their Grace!
A sixfold vving To ev'ry face!
VViſe, happy, humble, obedientiall.

Lend's

Lend's vvings, dear Dove; vve lag and loſe our traffick,
Poor ſhort-leg'd Rymes; Verſes on foot
Reach Seraphims? They cannot do't;
Lord, novv, if ever, make my Muſe ſeraphick.
Or if I mayn't have vvings, and ſo keep ſight
Of theſe bright flames, Shades of thy glory,
Tet tell's their names, And tell's their ſtory;
And lend's a quil, dear Dove, and I'll go vvrite.
VVrite Angels, Lord, 'tis done: but vvho are they?
Servants, or ſons? Subjects, or Kings?
Footſtools, or Thrones? Inferiour things,
Or Principalities? VVhat ſhall I ſay?
Sometimes I hear thee call them Elohim;
Tet they vvere made: Theſe plumed things
Are but the ſhade Of thy bright vyings,
Before vvhoſe Sun-ſhine, all theſe Stars are dim.
Sometimes't ſhould ſeem, that they but ſervants are;
Or Miniſters To vvait upon
Salvations heirs, And guard thy Throne:
Tet theſe ſtand cover'd, vvhere thy ſons ſtand bare.
Servants they are, and yet Dominions:
Each holds his Crovvn By caſting it
Moſt humbly dovvn Before thy feet.
Father, thy Throne's erected on the Thrones.
Thouſands of thouſands of the finite Gods
On ev'ry ſide, I mean the Cherubs,
VVhen thou doſt ride, Some ſerve for ſtirrups,
And ſome thou holdeſt in thy hands for rods.
Arch-Angels, Angels, that ſix-vvinged Nation,
Stand trembling, Lord, Preſt to obey
Their Makers vvord; And glad, they may
By all their running but maintain their ſtation.
Theſe can't forget that early Funeral;
Theſe can't forget Thoſe Moring-ſtars,
That roſe and ſet, VVhoſe inbred vvars
Blevv up themſelves. But —— oh their fall!
Tet thou'rt the Father ſtill: theſe Abſoloms
Their beeings had And beauties, Lord,
But not their trade Nor Traitors Svvord
From Thee, from vvhom all good, and only comes.

Hovv came theſe then to fall? 't ſhould ſeem that under
Their Angels vvings Each laid ſome evil
(Oh vvretched things!) And hatch't a Devil,
And ſo by ſinning ſing'd their vvings. VVhat vvonder?
Thy fine vvhite linnen, Lord, ſin burnt to tinder.
Satan's thy creature, But novv doth vvant
Firſt form and feature, Oh miſcreant!
Thou mad'ſt him bright, but ſin turn'd all to ſinder.
Tet thou'rt the Father ſtill: thoſe Stars in vievv,
Lanterns hung out In all mens ſight
Thy Court about, Thoſe various lights,
Father of Lights! thy dvvelling clearly ſhevv.
That golden Globe comes trundling from thine hand:
Father, thou ſaiſt Thou Sun of mine
Run Eaſt and VVeſt, Ceaſe not to ſhine
Rounding my Bovvling-green of Sea and Land.
That burniſht ſilver Ball's hurl'd forth by Thee:
That Moon of thine That alvvays ranges,
Doth ſit and ſhine In conſtant changes,
Says plainly: He that changeth not, made me.
The Pleiades, clufter of ſix, call'd ſeven;
The Signs tvvice ſix; The errant Train:
The Stars, that fix: The Northern VVain
And all the Conſtellations of the Heaven:
The great Orion vvith thoſe bands of his:
Stars Great and Leaſt: The Milkie vvay,
VVith all the Reſt, Doth plainly ſay,
That He, vvhoſe breaſts drop Lights, their Father is:
Th' Arch-Expanſe, vvhoſe props vvho can deſcry?
That furging Roof, And Saphire-cieling
Teelds ample proof To allmens feeling,
It had its riſe from Thee, O thou moſt High!
Thoſe ſtately Offices all on a rovv,
Standing about Thy ſpangled Court,
And yet vvithout For greater Port;
Thee, Father of Heav'ns Family, do ſhovv.
There ſtands thy Minting-houſe, thy Bulloign, brought
From 'ts place of birth; Vapours, I mean,
From droſſie earth Are there made cleane;
And, as thou pleaſeſt caſt and coyn'd & vvrought.

There

There ſtands thy Treaſurie; that doth contain
Gems in great ſtore. Of orient hue:
VVho can count o're Thy Pearls of devv?
Thy golden Lightnings? or thy ſilver Rain?
There ſtands thy VVardrobe. Lord, the purple ſhrouds,
VVhich thou doſt uſe, And dapled skie,
Like Ermins, ſhevvs Thy Majeſty.
And vvhen thou vvilt thou vvear'ſt the gold fring'd clouds.
There ſtands thy ſtable-room. Sometimes thy mind's
To ride abroad; That men belovv,
There is a God Above, may knovv,
Hearing the neighings of thy prancing vvinds.
There's thy Diſtillatorie. Thence thou doſt
Heav'ns drops diſtill In ſuch great ſtore,
Earth drinks its fill Till't needs no more.
Then the cold aſhes are caſt forth in Froſt.
There ſtands thy great Confectionary. There
Thoſe heaps of Snovv, Double-refin'd,
Do clearly ſhovv And bring to mind,
That they belong to th' Great Confectioner.
'Tis He, that makes thoſe Froſt vvorks. He, that makes
Moiſt Drops, vvhen caſt In's conſit mold,
Hail ſtones at laſt, VVhen they grovv cold,
'Tis He that candies all the Icie flakes.
There ſtands thy Magazine. Thou doſt erect
Thy flaming forges, And there prepare
Thy ſhafts and ſcourges, VVeapons of VVar
VVhich, vvhen thou vvilt, thy rebel foes correct.
Storms, tempeſts, thunders, thunder-bolts vvith theſe,
Great and ſmall ſhot, Brimſtone and fire,
Father, vvhat not? If thou require,
Dart thence to chaſtiſe thoſe that thee diſpleaſe.
VVhole *Egypt* from thy ſtorm of Hail ſhot runs.
His Heathen-Head That Royal ſlave
Slunk under-bed, VVhen th' Heavens gave
But one round volley from thy greater guns.
Thou'rt the Rains Father. Froſt thou haſt gendred?
VVhat Proſe, or Verſes Can better ſhevv
Thy tender Mercies, Then melting Devv?
This ſhevvs thine Heart, and hoary froſt thine Head.

Th' Ancient of Days begat me, ſays the Snovv.
The Lord of Hoaſts 's my Fathers Name,
The Thunder boaſts And Lightnings flame.
I carry Fathers Colours, ſays the Bovv.
So thou'rt the Father ſtill: Lord, 'tis alledg'd
By th' feather'd Hoaſts, That here and there
Th' Aerial coaſts And Quarters bear,
Under thy vvings they vvere both hatch'd and fledg'd.
That Bird of Paradiſe, Lord, thou muſt ovve it.
VVith chattring cryes Svvallovvs and Cranes
Plead, th' Only vviſe Did hatch our Brains,
And He, that made our ſeaſon, made us knovv it.
'Tvvas God All-ſeeing, made my piercing Eye,
Doth the Eagle ſay. To th' God of Love
Our broods vve lay, Saith Stork and Dove:
If theſe be ours, ſure vve're thy progenie.
VVith early viſits and ſalutes from Earth
Up the Lark climbs, As if it meant,
VVith Seraphims Of high deſcent
By vieing notes and vvings, prove equal birth.
The plumed Oſtriches forget their young;
But thou, their Father, VVith careful hand
Their Eggs thoſt gather Laid in the ſand,
Hatching to life, and hiding them from vvrong.
The goodly Peacock vvith his Argus-train,
His Angels plumes, His vvell-ſet border,
Strongly preſumes To th' God of Order,
Unto vvhoſe pomp this ſplendour doth retain.
The tumbling Deeps vvhere all the vvaters gather
Roundly declare That Name of His,
VVhoſe Counſels are The Great Abyſs;
Seas ſvvell too big to ovvn'a meaner Father.
Surely the Ocean's thine. Lord is it not?
Thou bid'ſt it boyle, But not boyle o're:
And't does recoile VVithin the ſhore.
Thou doſt both furniſh, Lord, and ſalt the Pot.
Thou Great-houſe keeper, muſt the Fiſh pond ovve,
VVhoſe bancks and ſhores Are Rocks and ſands,
VVhoſe fulneſs ſtores All Coaſts and Lands,
For thou the greateſt Family canſt ſhovv.

Theſe

These VVater-vvorks are thine invention, Lord.
Is the Oceans force, VVhen most serene,
Charg'd by thine Horse, Thy vvinds, I mean,
VVhat mighty Banks and trenches, Lord, appear?
Under the covert of those raging Seas
Those armed Bands (Each jointed scale
Like Armour stands, Or Coat of Male)
March here and there securely as they please.
Leviathan that moving Mount or Fort,
VVho can deride Storms battering,
Of Sons of pride Thou call'st Him King;
There tumbles he to make his Maker sport.
So thou'rt the Father still. Ev'n Earth can cry
From Cliffs and Mountains, Hills high and steep;
Springs, Mines, and Fountains That run so deep,
Hovv deep's thy vvisdom, Lord? thy povv'r hovv high?
Thou gav'st the Rocks their Rise. Springs sprang from thee.
Great Architect! Earths Fabrick fair
Thou didst erect, And hang inth' Air
To shevv its makers Independency.
Thy very foot-stool, Lord, thou dost inlay
VVith Mines of gold, And silver Ore;
VVho can unfold, Or prize the store,
VVherevvith thou dost enrich poor dust and clay?
This inlaid foot-stool thou hast round beset
VVith Vegetants, VVho can declare
Those various Plants, Their Vertues rare,
That spring from dust of heav'nly Fathers feet?
Those short-lived Beauties that the Florists gather
Look up a vvhile, VVith a fair Eye;
Give God a smile: And though they die
Yet leave such seed as plainly shevv their Father.
Thou'rt fruitful Parent of all Trees fruit-bearing.
VVho doth not see Earth doth but nurse
These Plants for thee? Thine Heavens disburse
Continual payments for these Plants up-rearing.
Some Trees there are, though suckled vvith earths sap,
Yet run upright; As if they meant,
By their vast heigt, Prove their descent,
And lay their Leavie Locks in Fathers lap.

Others

Others there are too vveak to riſe alone,
Tet ſeem to knovv VVhere Father dvvells;
VVhy ſhould they go To Neighbours elſe
To borrovv crutches, to run up upon?
The Herds, the Folds, the Beaſts innumerable;
The multifarious Creeping Creatures,
VVhoſe food is various As their features,
Cry ſtill to God, our Father, ſpread our Table.
Father, to live, thy gift alone can bee;
Earth's cold and dead, And cannot give
To vvhat it bred To breathe or live,
Surely the fountain of all Life's vvith thee.
This ſpacious Houſe thus built and furniſht ſo;
Come, let's convey Our Image juſt,
Did th' Father ſay, To breathing duſt;
Leaving our likeneſs to keep Houſe belovv.
Then vvas clay ſtamp'd by Act of Parliament
VVith God's bright face: A Creature crovvn'd
VVith Life and Grace: Heav'n-born, Heav'n-bound,
Of upright aſpect, of Divine deſcent.
Father, thy footſteps vve may find and gather
All other-vvhere, But in this creature
Thy face ſhines clear, VVitneſs his feature;
VVho reads mans face, may quickly ſpell his Father.
Said I, one may? my God, I ſhould have ſaid
One might have done: But things fall croſs;
Fleſh turns to ſtone, Pure Gold to droſs,
Silver degenerates to dirt and lead.
Said I, there is? I ſhould have ſaid there vvas;
My God! there vvas Thy countenance
So in his face, That every glance
The ſhining Sun in brightneſs did ſurpaſs.
Father, this vvalking, talking Plant vvas hee,
VVhom thou didſt love, VVhom thou didſt prize
All Plants above. Thy Paradiſe
Thou ſoon didſt quit, vvhen thou hadſt loſt this Tree.
From th' ſide vvhereof a female plant did ſpring,
A ſplendid pair? Novv th' Earth begins
T' outſhine the Air, VVhere Heavens bright tvvins
(The Sun and Moon) their Light, as tribute, bring.

VVoman

VVoman to man's a gift of Gods ovvn giving,
(That man alone No more might be;
Tet as much one, And one vvith thee)
A gift endorſed vvith Doners Nome, the Living.
This Royal conſort, to compleat mans joy,
Thou God of Union, Didſt vvell provide
For chaſt Communion, As his dear Bride,
VVhom thou haſt crovvnd on Earth as thy Vice-Roy.
So th' little vvorld vvith greateſt vvork and skill,
VVas fram'd at laſt, And being the beſt,
Its grace vvas paſt To rule the reſt;
Nothing's forbidden, but its knovving ill.
Upon thy footſtool thou haſt built a Throne
For man to ſit, My God, at thine;
And at his feet Thou didſt conſigne
All other things in due ſubjection.
Thou gav'ſt him life, 'tvvas fit, ſhould'ſt give him Lavv.
His faer did fall By thy command
On Creatures all In Sea and Land;
He ſtanding only in his Fathers avve.
His Diadem vvas bright intelligence,
VViſdom in full, VVhoſe ev'ry ſpark
Makes Diamonds dull, And Gems look dark;
His Ermine Robe vvas pureſt innocence.
A Rational-Plant-Animal vvas he:
Could vegetate, Could move and vvalk,
Could contemplate, Diſcourſe and talk:
Fair iſſue of the Bleſſed Trinity!
Parents ovvn Picture! vviſe, juſt, holy Son!
Thou mad'ſt that ſtar, His heart, to be
Triangular, Tet one vvith thee,
VVho art the ever-bleſſed Three in One.
That Inſtruments Three Strings thou God *Trin-Une*;
(Th' Intellect, VVill, And Memory)
Didſt VViſdoms skill, And ſanctity,
And Righteouſneſs give charge to keep in Tune.
And, Oh! VVhat rare and ravifhing content
My God did take? Till, on a day,
A fall did crack (Spoyling his play)
The ſtrings together vvith the Inſtrument.

But,

But, oh, vvhat tongue? vvhat pen? vvhat proſe? vvhat verſe?
VVhat tears? vvhat cryes? VVhat melting moans?
VVhat ſobs? vvhat ſighs? VVhat piercing groanes
Can mans ſo ſuddain, ſo ſad fall reherſe?
Of late a moſt compleat and upright Piece
My God did frame Of crooked bone:
But th' Serpent came, VVhen God vvas gone,
And vvound his vvork to greater crookedneſs.
VVound out of Heaven but into Paradiſe
In a Friends guiſe That canker'd Devil
By fallacies Drevv *Eve* to evil:
And thus the mother of all living dies.
Man being thus on th' one ſide mortified,
Hovv quickly doth The Gangrene ſpread?
Infecting both The heart and head.
Thus *Adam* liv'd and reign'd rebell'd and died.
Dovvn comes the Son by leaping Fathers hedge:
An Apple there, As ſome do gather,
But a choak-Pear, As I think rather,
Did tempt him, Oh my teeth are yet on edge!
O fruit, Death vvas thy fruit! thy gall, thy ſoot
Me thinks I taſt VVith all my bread:
VVhich makes me haſt Unto the dead;
Thou bredſt that vvorm, that kill'd me in my root;
VVhich bee'ng once vvither'd, root and branch did fall
VVich ſuch a vveight, Made th' Earth to groan,
From ſuch an height Man fell upon
The inferiour creatures, and ſo cruſht them all.
Theſe ſubjects, thus oppreſt, ſoon take up Arms
'Gainſt Rebel-Man, Heavens Deputie,
(VVho firſt began To mutinie
Againſt his Soveraign) to revenge their Harms.
For ſin that made man Naked, Arm'd the Earth:
So poor man ſcrambles, In ſvveat and blood,
'Midſt thorns and brambles For ſorry food,
Till's duſt turns thither vvhence it had its Birth.
Novv the Earth, that ſometimes ovvn'd him for its King
Makes him diſtrain VVith plovv, or ſpade
For every grain, Or't can't be had,
That vvont of 'ts ovvn Accord its Tribute bring.

Man

Man having broke Gods Peace, all turns to ſtrife:
Gainſt his Creator. Ev'n Dogs proclaime
Fal'n man a Traitour. A tvvo edg'd Flame
Cries come not, Rebel, near this Tree of Life.
Beſides theſe vvarrs vvithout, that vvorm doth gnavv
Mans inmoſt ſoul; A vvorm late breeding
O'th' fruit, he ſtole, VVhereof man feeding,
Became as broken, as his Makers Lavv.
Tet thou'rt the Father: theſe mourning Verſes
Do prove thee ſo: Mans miſeries,
The Creatures vvo, And all their cries
Plainly Proclaim thee Father of all mercies.
Thy Providence and Patience tovvard man
Do ſeem to ſtrive, (O bleſſed ſtrife)
VVho ſhall reprieve The Traitours life,
By lengthning out his poor contracted ſpan.
Though man made ſo much haſt to ſtir thine ire,
Tet thou art ſlovv, My God thou art;
I find it ſo; Thou melt'ſt mine heart
VVith burning Coals, but of an other fire.
Thine En'my hungers, and thou giv'ſt him food:
Thine En'my thirſts, Thou giv'ſt him drink:
Oh! mine heart burſts. Oh! vvho vvould think
Man vvere ſo bad, that ſees his God ſo good?
Father thou mak'ſt thy Sun ſtill ſhine on thoſe,
That lovvr on thee; And vvhen Heav'n lovvers,
'Tis love, vve ſee; For fruitful ſhovvrs
Thou makeſt then to fall on thankleſs foes.
Man, vvhat art made of? doſt not feel that Sun
Diſſolve the Ice? But thou art clay,
The harder for this: Tet ſhovvrs, vve ſay,
Soften the hardned Clay; But thou art ſtone.
Father, VVhen man had ceas'd thy ſon to be,
And turn'd thy foe, Tet didſt thou not
Deſert him ſo; Nor haſt forgot
To ſet thy child, though batter'd, on thy knee.
VVhen man firſt ſtript himſelf, and ſhevv'd his ſhame,
Cloaths from the backs Of Beaſts leſs vvild,
Mans Father takes To dreſs his Child:
Man loſt his Robe, and Beaſts muſt bear the blame.

Could

Could I, to cloath a Foe, thus ſtrip a Friend?
My God! My God! VVhat have theſe done?
And yet thy Rod, Due to thy Son,
Falls on theſe ſervants backs, that never ſin'd.

Thus man's both fed and clad at thine expence,
Kept at thy charge, Tet keeps it not;
But lives at large, As having got
His force to fight thee from thy Providence.

Heaps upon heaps! One load upon another!
God gives Man ſtore Like a dear Friend;
Man ſins the more Till in the end
Or Mercies ſins, or ſins do Mercies ſmother.

Tet thou'rt the Father ſtill: of mercies Father!
VVhen through ſins curſe, Such Rebels dye;
Thou doſt yet nurſe Their progenie:
As th' Hen her Chickens, ſo thou doſt them gather.

Thus are all things conſerved ſince the fall,
Both man and beaſt; The Rave'ns fed;
The Lillie's dreſt, Then put to bed.
All's kept in't's kind, or individual.

Hovv beauteous in its ſeaſon is each thing?
Summer ſupplies, VVhat VVinter ſpends:
VVhen Autumn dies, Such ſtock deſcends,
As may ſet up the next ſucceeding Spring.

Thy Providence maks Clouds feed th' Earth vvith Rain;
Th' Earth feed the Plant; Plant, th' Animal:
So there's no vvant, Nor vvaſt at all;
Then th' Earth vvith Vapours feeds the Clouds again.

By theſe, the Marſhes make the Mountains drink,
And liquid Seas At thy Commands
VVater by theſe The parched Lands.
VVho, but thy ſelf, ſhould ſuch a thing forethink.

Thou doſt for ev'ry mouth provide a meat:
For ev'ry meat A mouth provide:
Thy Board's full ſet On ev'ry ſide:
If ought do fall to th'ground, that th' earth doth eat.

Father, for all things thou doſt vvell provide.
Thou didſt erect This fair Creation,
And doſt project Its preſervation:
And being the Houſe-keeper, art the great Houſe-guide.
Thou ſerv'ſt Thy ſelf of all. Even Satans brain
Ripens thy Plot; And his deſign,
VVhen he thinks not, Promoteth thine:
Thou mak'ſt that Black-ſmith forge his ovvn dark chain.
Thou mak'ſt mans vvrath praiſe thee: And all his evil
Thou turn'ſt to good: In all mans Story
Ev'n in mans blood Thou ſav'ſt thy glory:
Goodneſs rules all in ſpight of man and Devil.
Tea ſuch is Fathers care and Fathers skill,
VVhen fooliſh man, Led by that elf,
Doth all he can T' undo himſelf,
T' extract mans greateſt good from ſuch an ill.
So thour't the Father ſtill: Thy nevv Creation
Moſt ſvveetly ſhevvs Thy Father-hood;
My God renevvs Fal'n man to good:
By a nevv VVord through th' Spirits Incubation.
Adam comes forth, but in a nevv edition:
Gods bright Portraiture Is nevv impreſt,
The Divine Nature, On mans breſt;
Clear from all treaſon, and from all Miſpriſion.
Father, thou ſoak'ſt this Adamant in blood
Of thy firſt-born. Mine heart, I felt,
Did the impreſs ſcorne, And vvould not melt,
Till that red Sea reſolv'd it to a flood.
Father, I heard thee beg the Rebels peace,
Riſing betimes To ope thy doors;
For all my crimes My God implores
Me to take pardon for my vvickedneſs.
Then ſaid I, turn me, O my Lord, my God!
And I vvill turn To bear thy yoak;
Mine heart doth burn, That I it broke.
O my dear child! Ile run and burn my rod.
Thus ſpake my father. Pains oth' ſecond birth
Did pinch and grieve, But Gods dear ſtrength
Did ſoon relieve: And at the length,
His child bee'ng vvaſht and dreſt, my God makes mirth.

Nor doth mans elder brother grudge, or grieve,
But ſing and ſmile, Angels do ſhout
Heav'n rings the vvhile Th' vvhole cour throughout,
To ſee poor ſpend-thirft man return and live.

Man thus adopted and regenerate
Searcheth his Fathers Laſt Teſtament,
And thence man gathers Heav'ns full intent
For his inheritance and future ſtate.

Thou prov'ſt thy ſelf my Father all theſe vvayes.
Novv let thy Dove Teach me to fear
To ſerve and love Thee, Father dear,
Proving my ſelf thy Child, ev'n all my dayes.

If you call on the Father, *paſs the time of your ſojourning here in fear,* 1. Pet. 1. 17.

SON.

O Let that Dove, that ſometimes did thee crovvn
VVith yellovv Gold And Silver Plumes,
Unto thy Poet Thee unfold,
That humbly by thy leave preſumes
To ſpread thy fame, and ſcatter thy Renovvn.
Let thine heroick Spirit guide my Verſe.
If thou the thing Indite, I'vvrite Touching the King,
VVhat my vveak vvilling heart vvould fain reherſe.
'Tvvas, vvhen *Auguſtus Cæſar* laid a Tax
On all the Earth, Grace call'd for Thee:
'Tvvas then thy Mother gave thee Birth.
That thou might'ſt ſet all nations free,
Heavens fair impreſſion's ſtampt on Virgin VVax.
To us a Child is born, grace gives a Son.
Heav'ns vvere too bold, To ſay That they That King can hold,
VVho novv into a Manger crouds his Throne.
For ſince ſin made man brutiſh like the Reſt,
My God did lay, The Bread of Life,
Come dovvn from Heav'n, 'mongſt Oats and Hay,
That man might find his food as rife,
Tea find his Saviour vvhilſt he ſeeks his Beaſt.
'Tis not the Cloth, but Crovvn, that ſhevvs the King.
A Cave's a Court, If there Appear The Prince's Port.
VViſe men, vvhat mean your Star, your ſparkling things?
Sure you can read by that Oriental light,
VVhat is this ſtranger, That makes his bed
In this poor Cottage, Crib, and Manger;
Having no vvhere elſe to lay his Head?
'Tis Chriſt, Earths joy, Hells torment, Heav'ns delight;
Satan, 'tis Chriſt my crovvn, but Chriſt thy terror,
Bite, if thu dare; His heel, I feel, Is ſomevvhat bare;
But thy bruis'd head ſhall ever rue thine error.
All vviſe men do, but fooliſh ſinners do not
Lye proſtrated Before this Babe,

Being lodg'd in ſuch a poor ſtravv-bed;
Nor to this nevv-born child cry Ab:
They're ſo unvviſe, their Maſters crib they knovv not.
My Lord at eight dayes old began to bleed
For my diſeaſe: To free Poor me, Not for's ovvn eaſe:
Surely this Martyrs blood's the Churches ſeed.

Then vvent he to his Temple vvith his Mother.
One Dove, me thought, That bleſſed Maid
Might then have ſpar'd, that Lamb being brought
Before the Lord, vvhoſe fleece if laid
But rightly on, the vvorlds vvhole ſin might ſmother.
From thence my Lord poſts into Egypts Land.
Have at thy head, Black Prince, For ſince Egypts dark bed
Hath lodg'd this light, vvhat dungeon can vvithſtand?

VVhen *Beth'lhem* firſt grave Judahs Lyon breath,
He boldly vvades Through th' ſev'nfold ſtream:
The Dragons country he invades,
On their ovvn ground thus daring them.
Thence ſafe returning dvvells at Nazareth.
Can any good come thence? fair Nazarene!
Thou dvvelleſt there: But, Lo! The Snovv Is not ſo clear,
As thou canſt make the Black-more-ſinner clean.

At tvvelve years old my Lord vvent thence to ſit
I' the Temple, vvhich Ne'r ſhines ſo bright,
As vvhen my Saviour doth enrich
Its darkened vvindovvs vvith his light,
There ſits the Child to teach the Doctours vvit.
The ſeventieth vveek bee'ng come, the time foreſet:
In *Daniels* book Foretold Of old; My Saviour took
Baptiſm to him, a type of's bloody ſvveat,

Then vvas the vvater vvaſht, that ſcoures my dreſs,
My God, my Chriſt, Thou could'ſt not need
For thine ovvn ſake a *John Baptiſt*;
But, that thou mighteſt cleanſe thy ſeed,
Thou'rt pleas'd thus to fulfill all righteouſneſs.
Jordan's the cleaner, Lord, for vvaſhing thee:
Hath *John* indeed, To be By thee Baptiz'd, ſuch need?
O my baptiz'd Redeemer! ſprinkle me.

Christ thence ascending meets his owne deare dove
Descending, while The Bridegroomes friend,
The *Baptist*, doth both see and smile,
Whose ears that heavenly voice attend:
O son of all my pleasure, all my love.
From Egypt call'd, th' baptismal sea being croft,
My Lord sets foot In haste On th' vvast: Heav'n drives him to's;
To learn i'th' desart how to seek the lost.

Now with the Lion doth the Lamb converse;
God sends his Child, His hand to lay
Upon these Beasts, that are most vvild,
Till he hath taught them to obey:
Tygers, VVolves, Leopards, beasts most fell & fierce.
My Lord's sent thither sure to learn to tame
Mans brutish heart (More vvild, *Less* mild) By dear bought art
To turn the Savage sinner to a Lamb.

The fiery Serpent of the VVildernes,
Finding Christ there, Doth spit and bite;
But th' Brazen Serpent's hard and clear,
Scorning the Tempters craft and spight,
The Bullet's batt'red, but not the fortres.
Our Lord now learns to fast, that we might feast,
And to be tempted, That we Might bee Thereby exempted:
Or succour'd so, as still to have the best.

If thou be th' Christ, this Stone to Bread convert,
VVhy, fool, the Stone VVhich thou vvouldst move,
Is Bread already, or there's none,
My Lord vvas hungry for my love;
Yet hee's the strengthning Bread of poor mans heart.
Taking this Rock thence to a Mountain high,
Saith Satan, see; If thou VVilt bow And vvorship me,
Those Kingdoms all I'll give thee instantly.

VVhy, fool! Must th' Son buy freedome of a slave?
Hark, how thy Chain Dot clatter at
Thine heel. My Lord vvas born to raign;
An Universal Monarchs state
To him long since Heavns Letters Patents gave.
To the Temples Pinacle the Churches Head
Is hurried next: Bee'ng there, I hear, Hell took a text;
The VVolf by preaching vvould the Lamb preach dead.

Jump dovvn; 'Tis vvritten th' Angels ſhall the catch,
Say th' Tempers lips; And that he might
Perſvvade my Lord to leap, he skips
Thoſe vvords ſhould ſet his Doctrine right,
Angels our vvayes ('tis not our Treſpaſs) vvatch.
Thy neck-verſe found, in reading doſt thou falter,
Yet ſeem to preach; For thee Can be No Clergy, vvretch
Thus *Haman* ſometime handſel'd his ovvn halter.

The Tempter bee'ng at laſt turn'd off the Ladder,
My Lord ſits ſtill Been'g firmer ſtone,
Then the vvreſtling place, the Pinacle
From vvhence he threvv bold Satan dovvn:
Then th' Angels bring a Chariot from his Father,
This choſen veſſel theſe temptations ſeaſon.
Novv He'll begin To Preach In each Place he comes in,
Beleev, 's his doctrine; Miracles, his reaſon.

Yet vvho makes uſe? for ev'ry tribe but one
This great High Prieſt, 'Mongſt all, doth get
VVhom very near his ſacred breaſt
As precious Jevvels he may ſet;
And of this tvvelve one's but a *Briſtow* ſtone.
For his firſt proof Chriſt vvater turns to vvine
At th' marriage-feaſt, O pure! Sirs, ſure It may be gueſt
You to your vvedding did invite the Vine.

If this free vine doth yield ſo rich a ſtore;
VVho can expreſs VVhat plenty ſhall
Flovv from thy croſs, my God, thy preſs,
VVhen they have bruis'd thy cluſters all?
May this Vines blood be my vvine evermore!
VVell done for th' firſt: canſt do it again, Lord, do it,
Convert my Verſe, To thine Ovvn vvine My vvater terſe
Renevv thy Miracle upon thy Poet.

Soon after to his Temple goes my God,
His houſe of Pray'r, VVhere th' ſheep and dove
Are ſold, as if there vvere a fair.
But vvhere is innocence and love?
'Tis time, Lord, in thine houſe to uſe thy rod.
Doth av'rice vvith thy Temple make thus bold?
The next ſtep hence That vve Shall ſee This ſin commence,
The Temple of thy body muſt be ſold.

To

To ſeek the ſunſhine, comes a man by night,
Hav'ng ſeen the things My Lord had vvrought.
Heav'ns myſteries my Lord forth brings,
But finds the teacher, hovv untaught?
Night's moſt vvithin, but Chriſt turns all to light.
After this Fountain, thirſting, ſeek a vveil:
But finds a ditch, VVithin VVith ſin All foul, the vvhich
He ſearcheth firſt; doth all her doings tell:
Then, by revealing her, himſelf reveal
To be the Chriſt: *Samaria* finds
VVhat blind Jerus'lem ſought, and miſt.
Thou'rt Chriſt to all kindreds and kinds,
That by beleiving et to thee their ſeal.
Then ſay's Diſciples, Maſter, eat, vve pray;
But he had got A meat To eat, VVich they knevv not,
For he'd gone eating *working* all the day.
Bee'ng thence return'd again to *Galile*,
A noble man, For's dying ſon
Begs a Reprieve of's Soveraign;
The man beleiv'd, it ſhould be done,
And vvhat he firſt beleived, did quickly ſee.
Happy that Son, vvhom Gods Son quickeneth!
More noble, ſure, He is For this Even for his cure,
Bee'ng thus by th' Prince of life repreiv'd from death.
Then to Bethesda's Pool, Salvations VVell
Carries a cure And gives't avvay;
The Jevvs this carriage can't endure,
But think Chriſt hurts the Sabbath Day,
VVhilſt he poor man, for vvhom 'tvvas made, doth heal.
Is there no cure, my God, for unbeleif?
'Mongſt all thine art, Doth there Appear None to impart
To this diſeaſe a ſuitable releif?
My Lord invites five thouſand to a feaſt:
No ſtore of diſhes Beeing dreſt or cook'd;
That, by five loaves and tvvo ſmall fiſhes,
Their unbeleif might all be chok'd,
VVhilſt in their mouths their meat's ſo much increaſt.
Tet the next day, as if they'd ne're been fed,
Theſe very men Do fret, And vvhet Their teeth agen,
No to feed on, but to back-bite Heav'ns Bread.

After, the man born blind to ſight's reſtor'd
By paſte of clay, Surely, I ſhould
Have blinded ſeeing eyes that vvay,
Bee'ng ſo far, Lord, from doing good.
Tet Jevvs in theſe nevv eyes, can't ſee the Lord.
Thou tak'ſt a living mon'ment from a grave.
Thy foes may ſee The dead Raiſed; Tet they'd kill thee;
Oh, my dear Lord, vvhat ſign vvould ſinners have?
Devils are all caſt out, but unbeleif,
Dead Palſies too Receive their cure;
But Oh, Dead hearts, vvhat aileth you,
That you do more and more obdure:
Not miracles, but blood muſt cure this grief.
Ah! My dear Lord, the vvither'd hand is heald:
And yet the hand- Of faith. VVho hath? Jevvs ſtill vvithſtand:
And after all, to vvhom's thine arm reveal'd?
Feavers are quench'd; yet fury burns amain:
Iſſues of blood Are ſtanched quite:
All evils, but their ſpleen, find good,
And th' bloody iſſues of their ſpite.
Oh! hovv Jevvs hate the good Samaritan!
Do Phariſees vvaſh oft? Ah they have need:
Leopards do clear, But then Theſe men The liv'ry vvear.
Gehazi's curſe is on them and their ſeed.
VVho cures their Phrenſies, can't their rage allay,
They contradict The tongue, that taught
The dumb to ſpeak: yea, vvhen convict
By the ſtrange cures, my Saviour vvrought
In falling ſickneſſes, yet fall avvay.
Creeples get legs; yet mens opinions halt
VVho thou ſhouldſt be; One vvhile They ſmile, Then lovvr (on thee;
But thou art ſtill the ſame: Lord! vvher's the fault?
For thy good vvorks their hardned hearts do ſtone thee.
Sure it diſpleaſes, That they have health,
And that thou carri'ſt their diſeaſes;
Scatt'ring among thy poor the vvealth.
My God! ev'n of thine ovvn hovv fevv do ovvn thee!
Oh! hovv they daily carpe at righteouſneſs!
Life may not live, If they But may: The ſentence give.
They plot to bring ſalvation to diſtreſs.

To

To drag the Reſurrection to the grave:
Earths health to anguiſh: Hovv fain vvould they
See their dear-cheap Phyſitian languiſh,
VVho freely cures them all the day.
Him to deſtroy they plot, he them to ſave.
My Lord thy patience is a miracle
Mongſt all the reſt, (As vvee May ſee) None of the leaſt.
My Lord! If I may judge, it doth excell.
Oh! hovv they grudge my Lord his drink and food!
The Bread, the Vine, Sent dovvn to us,
As bee'ng a bibber of much vvine
They tax, and call him gluttonous,
VVho's only greedy for to do them good.
Theſe dunghils to aſperſe the ſun begin.
He caſts out evil, Tet they Do ſay He hath a Devil;
Sinner they call the founrain ope for ſin.
Hee is the Son o'th' Carpenter, ſay ſome;
The Son of God, Tou might have ſaid,
VVho rais'd Heav'ns roof you ſee ſo broad,
Such Carpentry's no ſuch mean trade,
Helping to ground'fill all this lovver room.
Others object that they his country knovv,
The place, from vvhence He came, Can name, And hovv long
VVhy, Sirs, pray vvhen did you to Heaven go? (ſince.
Then they perſvvade us that the King ſpeaks treaſon,
Becauſe he makes Himſelf to be
God, as he is: becauſe he takes
His ovvn, they cry out robbery.
Lord, all men have not Faith, all have not reaſon.
Sometimes he is not *Ceſars* friend, they ſay,
VVho's *Ceſars* King. Tet hee, VVe ſee, Makes fiſh to bring
Tribute to him, that he may *Ceſar* pay.
Then they cry out, that he's the ſinners friend.
But, Oh! that they, Thas thus exclaime,
Had rightly knovvn vvhat novv they ſay,
The counſel, that to ſinners came,
From his dear friendly lips the'd more attend.
To make Chriſt claſh vvith *Moſes* they project.
The great Lavv-giver Doth teach Its breach; This they deliver,
VVho vvould the copy by the proof correct.

Hovv ſharp's their ſight to find faults, vvhere are none?
But Oh! hovv dim For to deſcry
That radiant Deity in him?
And moſt of all hovv blind to ſpie
Thoſe great prodigious evils of thir ovvn?
The Temple he'd deſtroy, and then rebuild,
This Jevvs object; But vvhat Of that? Themſelves projec
Hovv th' Temple of Chriſts Body might be kill'd.
Hovv malice, mixt vvith blindneſs, all miſconſters!
My Lord ſo ſpake, As ne'r did man;
Tet's vvords and vvorks too they'll miſtake,
Say he, or do he, vvhat he can.
To match his miracles they bring forth Monſters,
Have Rulers or have Phariſees beleev'd?
The Lavv vve knovv; Say thoſe His foes. Ah! if't vvere ſo
The Lavv-Maker vvould ſure have been receiv'd.
Tet this good Shepherd finds ſome ſtragling ſheep,
The Goſpel-net Some fiſhers takes:
Some, at receipt of cuſtome ſet,
Chriſts cuſtomers his market makes.
And vvhat he finds he'll ſpend his life, but t' keep.
Some vviſe and noble too, although not many,
King Jeſus Court Can ſhovv: And ſo, To keep his Fort,
There's one Centurion, Lord, 'tis vvell, there's any.
Mary th' unclean, from vvhom as many Devils,
As muddy *Nile* Hath ſtreams, are caſt:
Each flood had its ovvn Crocodile;
Tet ſhe becomes one ſtream at laſt
Of Goſpel penitence for all her evils.
Chriſts feet, vvaſht vvith her tears, her hair makes dry;
And Chriſt agen VVith blood Makes good Her vvayes unclean;
And vvith forgiveneſs vvipes the vvepers eye.
A *Canaanite* to the King of *Hebrews* comes,
Begs and implores At *Iſraels* feaſt
Some ſuccour from thoſe ſacred ſtores,
That Jeſus for the Jevvs had dreſt:
VVhil'ſt Children ſlight their bread, ſhe leaps at crumbs.
A little man, but ſinner not the leaſt,
Climbs up on high That he The Tree Of life might ſpie;
And in the fruitleſs *Sycomore* a feaſt.

Mary

Mary the Lords *Meſſiah* doth annoint;
Diſciples grudge, And think't too good
For him, vvho thinketh not too much
To ſpend on them his precious blood.
See, hovv one *Judas* puts all out of joynt?
Bee'ng thus annointed Chriſt as King appears,
And forth doth go, As King Riding To *Sion* ſo.
VVho brings ſalvation, him an *Aſs-Colt* bears:
Thus fooliſh things, and things that men deſpiſe
The Lord doth chuſe; That this dumb *Aſs*
Might preach performance to the Jevvs,
Of vvhat of old foreſpoken vvas;
And Chriſt by vveakneſs might confound the vviſe.
Judah! thy ſcepter's gone, but *Shiloh's* come.
Jeruſalem! Look out, And ſhout, For *Davids* ſtem
Novv ſprings a freſh in thy Lavv-givers room.
Children, by their *Hoſannahs*, loudly cry'd,
Do teſtifie My Saviours praiſe,
That he might ſtill his foes thereby,
His Name theſe Babes and ſucklings raiſe,
VVhilſt th' Elders and the Fathers him deride.
Thus vvhilſt the Fathers fall ith' VVilderneſs,
Children inherit; VVhy lo, Ev'n ſo It pleas'd the Spirit,
VVhat men deny, to teach poor Babes confeſs.
VVhat Jevvs reject poor Greeks make friends to ſee:
Sion, take heed Thou be n't the hive
That others do vvith hony feed,
Not taſting, vvhat it ſelf doth give;
VVhileſt Gentiles ſteal avvay thy Chriſt from thee.
VVhat needs more proof? my Lord puts on the rack
Devils themſelves (Though Jevvs Refuſe, As vvorſer elves)
Till they to him a full confeſſion make.
VVould you beleive, if your high Prieſt ſhould tell,
Or, vvho's the Chriſt, Should teſtifie?
Sure your ovvn *Caiaphas* little miſt,
Saying, 'tvvat meet this man ſhould die
For th' people, that they periſh not: Go-ſpell:
Hovv ſvveetly ſings this Svvan before them all!
Though envy fumes His skin VVithin His vvhited Plumes,
Their High Prieſt ſings Heav'ns High Prieſts Funeral.

Thus

Thus men teach Parrots ſpeak, but vvhat they knovv not;
The High Prieſt cryes, (And ſurely he
Should knovv) this man's your Sacrifice.
Tet Chriſt their Saviour muſt not be;
My Lord, men do confeſs thee, though they do not.
This Sacrifice the prieſt plots hovv to kill,
And yet there vvas More Prieſt In Chriſt, Then *Caiaphas.*
Thus types the truth, ſhadovvs vvould ſubſtance ſpil.
Innocent Lamb! although thou knevv'ſt this plot,
Tet, Oh hovv fain VVouldſt thou get up
To be in read'neſs to be ſlain
'Gainſt th' Paſsover; that all might ſup?
My Lord thou ſeeſt thy death, but ſhun'ſt it not.
This is the Paſchall Lamb, ſure, I may call it
Immaculate; O God, Thy blood Sprinkles my gate;
Tet is thy bitter grief my bitter ſallet.
I' the upper room my Lord beſpeaks the feaſt
For his dear friends; That they might knovv,
That from above their chear deſcends;
VVho'l feaſt vvith Chriſt muſt upvvards go.
But, Oh! hovv dear for all pays this dear gueſt?
Deſiring I'ave deſir'd this feaſt to eat
VVith you, before I go Unto The other ſhore.
Oh! hovv my Lord hungers to be my meat?
Tet, Friends, there's ſomething, I muſt ſadly ſay;
Tou're not all clean, 'Mongſt you doth ſit
(The man, that dips vvith me I mean)
A Devil, yet an Hypocrite,
That ſhall this night the God of truth betray.
'Tis my purſebeaters plot his Lord to ſell,
VVho had him bought, The vvretch To preach I ſomtime taught,
But not to ſell me, or himſelf to Hell.
Judas! eanſt thou find death in ſuch a Pot?
Plot ſuch a matter Againſt thy Maſter?
VVhilſt thy ſop ſoftens in my platter,
VVho of each diſh make thee a taſter,
Hardens thy heart the vvhilſt *Iſcariot?*
VVill nothing ſerve, but ſops in blood next meal?
My Purſe, my diſh VVere free To thee, VVhat more could'ſt vviſh?
VVretch! vvhat thou doſt, do quickly: Run, and ſell.

Penſive

Penſive Diſciples vvhen they hear, and knovv it,
Each fears for one: But he that bears
The bag, is lag; perdition's Son
He is the laſt that doubts, or fears:
Slovv to confeſs, but Oh! hovv ſvvift to do it.
Come, children, take this bread, 'tis broke for you:
Much good may't do you; 'Tis dreſt, & bleſt, Take it unto you,
And there vvithall my broken body too.

Come, my Diſciples, here's an health likevviſe
To you, not me; Let it go round,
Salvations cup's the cup you ſee;
Tour health is in my bloody vvound,
Think of my blood, as oft as ye drink this.
Tour Makers broken Lavv, your bloody ſin,
And bleeding heart Bring mee To ſee And feel this ſmart.
VVho vvould Hell conquer muſt vvith death begin.

My Teſtament I leave you ſeal'd in blood:
Tou I bequeath, VVhen ere I die,
Full conqueſt over ſin and death
VVith life and peace; vvhich by and by
I the Teſtator by my death make good.
Pledge me, dear friends, this blood vvas broach'd for you:
I'll drink no more Of vvine O'th' vine, Till being got ore,
I may in Fathers kingdome drink it nevv.

Come let's novv ſing, ſaith Chriſt, ſeeing all my ſorrovv
Is but your Crovvn; Thorns at the breaſt.
Make muſik, vvhen the Spirit's dovvn,
Tea ſometimes muſick of the beſt;
Let's ſing to night, for I muſt dye to morrovv.
My Lord then riſeth up, from vvhence he ſate:
VVhom vvinds obey, And ſeas VVith theſe, Diſciples may
Novv ſee him, that he may be gracious, vvait.

Sure vvhilſt my Saviour ſerves, vvho ever came
See'ng him ſo dreſt VVaiting on all,
Girt vvith a Napkin, ſcarce hat gueſt,
This vvere the feaſt of's Funeral,
But mariage-Supper rather of the Lamb.
After the vvine my Lord doth vvater take;
Heav'n ſtoops to meet, And bovv, As lovv As ſinners feet.
Oh vvhat clean vvork Chriſt's blood and Spirit makes!

Peter,

Peter, thou think'ſt that I ſtoop dovvn too lovv,
And ſai'ſt I ſhall N're vvaſh thy feet;
Then canſt thou have no part at all
In *Davids* Son, not be made meet
I'th' nevv Jeruſalems clean ſtreets to go,
Streets that are pure, as gold, and clear, as glaſs:
This Baſin is Thy vvay I ſay To this fair bliſs:
Iſrael to *Canaan* muſt through *Jordan* paſs.
Sirs, ſee you, vvhat I h've done, and do you knovv it?
You call me vvell, Say'ng I'm your Lord:
If I then ſtoop, Oh! never ſvvell.
If I have vvaſh't your feet, afford
You to do likevviſe; Happy, if you do it.
Servants, my Livery, you muſt vvear, is Love.
This bovvl's my Spirit, VVhich, I Novv die, That you may
The Lamb goes hence, that he may ſend the Dove. (nherit:
Oh may this tovvel bind your hearts in one!
My bending dovvn, Teach them to bovv!
May pride and ſinful paſſions drovvn
In this full Baſin. Men ſhall knovv
By this, that you are mine, vvhen I am gone.
Gone? I'll go too, ſaith *Peter*, Lord, I vvill,
VVhat ere comes on't. Oh no! Not ſo; 'Tis a ſore brunt.
Beſt mettal melts, vvhen men their Maker kill.
Nay, Lord, though all men run, I'll ſtand by thee:
Run friends, or foes, Foes to purſue,
Or friends to ſcape the hands of thoſe.
Poor man i'll' tell thee, vvhat's more true,
Ere th' Cock crovv tvvice I thrice denied muſt be.
Sure *Peters* courage ſtrengly is come on.
My paſſion, lo! He did Forbid, Novv he'll die too.
Tet vvhen the Shepherd dies, the ſheep vvill run.
Let not your haerts be troubled, but believe
In God and Mee; I ride before
To ſee things may in read'neſs be,
Behold I'll meet you at the door:
My Fathers houſe can me and you receive.
VVhither I go, ye knovv, and th' vvay ye knovv.
Saith *Thomas*, Nay Lord, vve Can't ſee VVhich is the vvay,
For, vve alas! knovv n't vvhither tohu doſt go.

Thomas,

Thomas, I am the true and living vvay.
My fleſh I gave, (Knovveſt thou me)
A path-vvay unto Heavv'n to pave,
Cemented vvith my blood to be,
So, that vvho vvalks in me, can't go a ſtray.
Shevv us the Father, Lord, that's all our bliſs;
Doth *Philip* ſay. Hovv long Among Tou muſt I ſtay,
Ere you knovv me, ſaith Chriſt, vvhy, here he is.
Judas replyed, but not th' *Iſcariot*, Lord,
Hovv is't that thou Thy ſelf to us,
But not unto the vvorld doſt ſhevv,
Thy bleſſed ſelf revealing thus?
VVhy, I vvill do't to all, that keep my vvord,
Peace I leave vvith you, my peace I you give,
Not as the vvorld, VVhen here And there Tou're toſt and (hurl'd
The ſvveeteſt calm ſhall then your hearts releive.
Friends, If you love me let me go, don't grieve me.
Oh! hovv your ſobs Do antedate
My paſſion, oh my pulſe vies throbs,
Oh let my grief in yours abate;
My Fathers arms are ready to receive me
Sirs I can't ſtay to talk: yonder's the Prince,
The vvorld that ſvvayes: O ſee, Hovv hee Doth's legionsraiſe;
Tet of one ſingle fault can't me convince.
I am the vine, ye branches, bring forth fruit:
My blood's your ſap: My blood's your ſeed:
'Tis vvell for you, that others tap
The veſſel, that the vine may bleed:
The hand, that empties me, doth you recruit.
O if you love your ſelves, let me go ſend
That guide to you, That ſhall Ev'n all, Ev'n all things ſhevv.
Ih've much to ſpeak, vvhich you can't yet attend.
A little vvhile I diſappear, anon
I'm ſeen agen; For to the Father
I go; ſay they, vvhat may this mean,
This little vvhile? vve cannot gather.
VVhy, friends, vvhen vvinter's over ſpring comes on.
Truth, Lord! vve novv believe. Ah do you ſo?
Juſt novv comes on An houre VVhoſe ſhovvre VVill ma-
VVhilſt ſolitary to my grave I go. (ke you run,

Tet

Yet am I not alone: O blessed Father!
Thou'rt with me still: Now glorifie
Thy Son, thy Son: when *Butchers* kill
Thy Lamb, Oh take me up on high,
And thine and mine Lord with me to me gather:
These are thy stock I kept, and did improve them.
For these I pray, And all That shall Thy word obey':
Lord, here's thine own again; O keep them, love them!
Then his Disciples forth my Lord do th' lead.
Cedron i'th' way Makes me bethink,
What th' Psalmist of th' High Priest doth say:
He of the brook i'th' way shall drink,
Therefore he shortly shall lift up the head.
Thence they together to the garden pass,
Where grew that store That can Fall'n man Make as before:
Sure, my Redeemer's Rue's that herb of grace.
'Twas in a garden *Adam* did undo us;
There grew that fruit, Whose bitterness,
That man for ever might not ru't,
My Lord did tast and squeeze and press:
Then from a Garden brings our cure unto us.
O mount of Olives! O *Gethsemane!*
To all else yet A soile Of Oyle! Of bloody sweat
Only to me, ——— sinner! here's Oyl for thee.
Sirs, sit you here, *Peter*, and *James*, and *John*,
Oh! I begin To feel: such smart
Amazeth me, that n'ere knew sin:
Yet how it cures my very heart!
Sirs, sit you down: I must pray, or I'm gone.
This cup, this cup, O Father! may it pass!
This cup, this cup May't pass! Alas! Must I drink't up?
Why, all thy vials dregs are in this glass!
Ah! friends, your heav'ness doth augment mine too.
How can your eyes Continue shut
So near such strong and bitter cries?
Dulness, I now perceive, can cut:
Will you not watch with him, that's sick for you?
You three of all I chose for sentinels:
I bade you lie Perdieu, But you Sleep, though I dye.
Yet in weak flesh a willing spirit dwels.

But

But though my foot-guard ſleeps, mine horſe-men vvatch;
Though men do grieve me, Tet at the length
Mine heav'nly Angels do releive me,
Heav'ns ſuccours reinforce my ſtrength.
Sin, do thy vvorſt novv, thou'lt meet vvith thy match:
Tet, Oh this cup! this cup! Lord, let it paſs,
If't be thy vvill; Tet thine, Not mine, Perform thou ſtill.
Thy ſcalding vvrath, Lord, cracks my brittle glaſs,
Sin entred man at firſt but by one hole:
But ev'ry pore Throughout my skin,
My God! my God! becomes a door,
VVhence blood goes out, vvhilſt vvrath comes in.
Such anger through thine anger melts my ſoul.
Can you get ſleep, vvhilſt in this ſcalding bath
I melt avvay, Blood-vvet In ſvveat? Sirs, think, I pray,
'Tis for your ſeavers ſake of ſin and vvrath.
VVhat, can I not one hours ſhort vvatch obtain?
One hours? I ſay. Oh you'l be tempted;
VVatch for your ovvn ſakes then, and pray:
Oh! pray that you may be exempted.
There are no vapours left in my parcht brain:
I'm paſt all ſleeping novv, but th' ſleep of death.
But, Oh! let it paſs This cup! (*Drinks't up.*) Thy ſvvord, alas!
In thine ovvn fellovv-ſhepheard doſt thou ſheath?
Oh! hovv thy vvrath my flovv'r to hay converts!
My bones do ſtart. My fleſh conſumes,
My skin is parcht, as bottels are
I' th' ſmoak, Lord, through thine angry fumes.
Diſciples, novv ſleep on, and reſt your hearts.
This reſtleſs night of mine procures for you
A day of peace; My ſhovvrs Tour flovvrs, Tour joyes increaſe.
Never did night yield ſuch a bleſſed dev:
Honey to mine, though Gall and Blood to me:
I mean thoſe drops, VVhich from my brovv
Bedevv the ground. Sinners, vvhat crops
May your dear Lord expect from you?
But novv let's riſe; yon Traitour comes, I ſee.
Tour Saviour's given into ſinners hands.
Judas! art come? Thou'lt ſoon Be gone Hence to thine home;
VVhilſt thou tvviſts mine, I faſter knit thy bands.

Thou ſend'ſt me to my croſs, but I'll be even;
Thou ſhalt hang firſt, Theif, that thou art!
Thou'ſt broke thy faith, and thou ſhalt burſt
Aſunder, falſe perfidious heart!
'Tis fit, ſuch pay be to ſuch traitours given.
Into the ſecond *Adam's* garden creep
Doſt thou, Serpent? That vvay Betray The innocent?
Methinks, thou ſmil'ſt, as Crocodiles do vveep.
Canſt kiſs, ant court me ſtill? Hail! Maſter, Hail.
'Tvvas ſometimes ſaid, O kiſs the Son,
Leſt he be vvroth, and ſtrike you dead;
Sure, thy kiſs is not ſuch a one.
VVith unbeleivers, hypocrites ſhall vvail.
Judas, thou knovv'ſt mine haunt. I 'th' very place
Me to betray Juſt there, Even vvhere VVith me to pray
Thy feigned lips vvere vvont, haſt thou the face?
VVhat means thy ſearch? vvretch, thou'rt the fugitive;
Tour Lanthorn Light, Sirs, alſo ſhevvs
Tour vvorks are darkneſs, and you night.
VVhy force you, vvhat I don't refuſe?
Is it my life, you ſeek? 'tis, that I give.
Jeſus of *Nazareth* you're come to take;
VVhy? I am he *They all Down fall.* Can majeſtie
Upon ſuch Rebels ſuch impreſſion make?
My Lord, thou needſt not flee, nor *Peter* dravv?
They run, they run: Backvvards they fall;
Tet to be taken thou comeſt on.
Tielding thy ſelf unto their thrall,
VVho cannot ſlip thy curb from off their javv.
Servants are let go free, vvhile th' Maſter's bound.
Bold *Peter* novv, To ſhovv his Provveſs, Is vvord & blovv:
But the meek priſ'ner gently cures the vvound.
Thou chid'ſt thy Champion vvhile thou friend'ſt thy foe,
Svveet Prince of peace! The vvounds of foes
Thou'ſt rather heal vvith gentleneſs,
Then thine ſhould ſteal to flint oppoſe.
Peter's too hot to hold, I fear me ſo.
VVhat mean your ſvvords and ſtaves? ſirs! vvho's the thief;
Tou've ſtol'n the fruit, And yet Are ſet To make purſuit,
I've only ſtol'n the puniſhment and grief.

VVas

VVas I not vvith you in the temple ſtill?
Have you forgot My Sermons there?
Tet all that vvhile ye took me not:
And muſt I novv theſe ſhackles vvear?
Th' *Eſſential* muſt the *written* vvord ful fill.
See my Diſciples leave me and they fly;
Each ſhifts for one: And ſo I too Could vvell have done:
But, lo! my bondage is their liberty.
Thus bound they drag me to the High Prieſt firſt,
VVho am the goat, Doom'd thus to die
More by Heav'ns counſell, then their plot,
For ſin, in mine Humanity;
VVhich, though it knevv no ſin, for ſin's accurſt.
Then they confeſs over my guiltleſs head
Their ſins, not mine: Tet I Did cry, Something divine
Tou'l find hath *ſcap'd* your hands, vvhen I am dead.
In my tvvo natures I'm both Goats in one;
Can dye, yet ſcape; Can ſcape, yet *dye*:
I can diſcharge firſt *Adams* rape,
Then ſecond *Adams* bands untie.
Sinner, I muſt do both, or thou'rt undone.
Falſe vvitneſs they ſuborn'mongſt faithleſs Jevvs.
Such is their grudge, Their Lord They 'ccord To death
Though vvitneſſes agree not, that accuſe. (t'adjudge,
Art thou the Chriſt? they captiouſly enquire;
Not for to knovv, As ſometime did
Johns dear Diſciples, but to throvv
Mine ovvn confeſſions at mine head.
They vvatch my vvords vvith an enflam'd deſire:
This *Mary* ſometimes did, but not as they;
Not life, but death They vvatch & catch From my dear breath
Both to themſelves and me this bloody day.
Peter ſteales to their fire, to melt, not fight:
Mine ſeldome vvarme: Themſelves vvith ſuch
But quickly rue their dear-bought harme,
Saying the vvarmth's not half ſo much.
Sirs, is't ſo this morn? 'tvvas hot i'th' night;
I felt it ſo: Nor find I ought yet cool,
Except it be The love Even of My friends to me,
VVhilſt enemies my vviſdome fain vvould fool.

The High Prieſt rends his cloaths, but not his heart;
Then all condemn me The Hall throughout,
VVho muſt judge all; Abjects contemn me:
VVhom Angels do admire, they ſlout.
They are the *Iſhmaels*, I bear *Iſaac's* part.
Then they blind fold mine eyes, to vvhom the night
Shines as the day: I can't, Sure, vvant, VVho gave avvay
So many eyes to others, vvanting, ſight.
Oh! hovv theſe Bats project to blind the Sun!
Moles plot and think (Hovv vviſe they are?)
VVith a poor clout thus to hood-vvink
Jacobs true bright and morning ſtar.
Indeed if t could, you've need, it ſhould be done.
Hovv they, to make me like themſelves, deviſe?
I, and they, vvink: They ſee Not mee; And ſo they think
I can't ſee them, although I made their eyes.
Others, for ſpight, ſpit on my bleſſed face,
VVhich *Moſes*, and *Elias* too,
Did once i' th' mount admiring ſtand
Transfigur'd then, disfigur'd novv.
Hovv men beſpatter Gods ovvn Looking glaſs.
Theſe potſheards then their potter ſmite vvith rods. (dy:
My vvhite & ruddy Theſe foes VVith blovvs Make black & bloo-
I'm box'd by ſlaves, vvho rule among the Gods.
Then propheſie vvho ſmote thee, ſome do cry.
Alas! vvho not? Tet I'll impart;
Me, for my *ſeed*, my Father ſmote;
But never did mine ovvn clean heart.
Scorners, go read *Iſaiahs* Propheſie:
He did eſteem me ſtricken of my God;
That ſtripes on me, My ſmart Of heart, Mans cure might be:
Man did the fault, and I muſt feel the rod.
Peter, I doubt, they courage vvill ſoon coole
At that ſame fire; Th' Ague 'll come on:
Satan, to ſift thee, did require.
Novv, *Peter*, prove the rock and ſtone.
My dear Diſciple, don't deny my ſchoole.
Oh! at firſt charge, I ſee, my Champion's laid!
The ſhield, the ſhield Off faith, He hath Near loſt this ſhield.
VVho play'd the man 'mongſt men, falls by a maid.

VVhom

VVhom fleſh and blood reveal'd not, fleſh and blood
Can teach deny, Ev'n his dear Lord;
Conſtant to 's ovvn unconſtancy.
Ev'n as if this had been his vvord,
I vvill deny, not dye, to this he ſtood.
Oh! my poor fiſher's caught the ſecond time,
I ſaid, abide In me, Or ye VVill quickly ſlide:
But novv it ſeems, to be of *me*, 's a crime.
Then others cry: this man's of *Nazareth*.
He by and by VVith curſing doth
Me, that have born this curſe, deny:
And ſvvears, he knovvs not, vvhat he knovv' th.
Peter, they ſay, they ſmell thee by thy breath
To be of me, Oh! that I could ſo ſay!
Sirs, don't you hear? The man Can ban, Can curſe and ſvvear,
That he's of me, Sirs, doth ſuch ſpeech bevvray?
Surely you knovv my ſpeech no more, then me.
Peter denies His Chriſt ——— ſo crevv
The Bird, that vvakes the ſleepers eyes;
I lookt on *Peter*, then he knevv
The Cock his Maſters Monitour to be.
Peter, thus finding all crovv over him,
Runs forth to vveep; His ſoul Novv foule To vvrinſe & ſteep;
Ev'n in a ſpring tide of ſalt tears to ſvvim.
I have deni'd my Lord, my Lord, that's dying:
I have deni'd My Lord, my Lord,
VVhom I confeſt, profeſt; bee'ng tried,
I have renounc'd his and my vvord?
My Lord, that bought me, I have been denying.
Novv his hot fit's come on. My Chriſt, vvhen ever
Through, thou knovv'ſt vvhat, Thee I Deny In vvord, or thought;
Oh! give me *Peters* ſvveat in *Peters* feaver!
By this time is my dooms dayes davvning come.
Their rightful King Jevvs having bound
Before an alien Judge do bring.
That guilt i'th' guiltleſs might be found,
Butchers object, but I, the Lamb, lye dumb.
Herod, and *Pontious Pilate*, Gentiles, Jevvs
Counſell and plot: I am The Lamb Muſt go to pot:
Satan is at mine heel, vvhich he vvill bruiſe.

VVho art? and vvhat is truth? *Pilate* enquires;
Bee'ng ſtrange to both, I find it ſo:
Tet to my bloodſhed lag and loth,
VVhileſt my ovvn people raging go
To burn King *Davids* branch vvith Gentile fires,
Take him your ſelves, ſaith *Pilate*, Jevviſh men,
Eaſe your ovvn grudge. Say they: VVe may No man adjudge
To death, Our *Scepter's* gone. VVhere's *Shiloh* then?
See you your vvants? not vvhat ye have, O yee?
VVhy, *Shiloh's* come: My vvhite and ruddy,
This vvine and milk, though I be dumb,
Speaks it, my inocence thus bloody.
This is your *Shiloh's* garment: can't you ſee?
'Tis not ſo long, O thou my city! ſince
Hoſannahs cryed In thee To mee, Me teſtified;
Thy people gath'ring round about their prince.
'Tis not ſo long, ſince I did bind my ſole,
Mine Aſſes Colt, Unto my vine,
To thee, *Jeruſ'lem*, novv revolt;
That I might vvaſh my vveeds in vvine,
VVhilſt to the death I'm pouring out my ſoul.
Judas mean vvhile, conſid'ring all that's done
Through his foul ſin, Relents, Repents, And brings agen
That dunghill-dirt for vvhich he ſold the Sun.
For's thirty pieces thirty thouſand vvoes
Oppreſs his heart. Then to his Prieſt,
I've ſinned, and the innocent muſt ſmart,
The vvretch, being ſhriven, ſo confeſt.
See thou to that, ſay th' Prieſts, ſee thou to thoſe.
Oh! to vvhat lead doth *ill-got* ſilver turn?
Judas can't bear The vveight Of it; Tet 't vvas his dear:
Oh! take't agen; My fingers burn, they burn.
Into the treaſury this they dare not caſt:
Oh! it is not good, Poor men, they dare not;
Oh! 'tis the price the price of blood;
And yet, to ſpill that blood, they ſpare not:
Thus *Gnats* do ſtick, vvhilſt *Camels* go dovvn faſt.
They take the mony firſt, and then diſpute,
VVhether 't ſhould be ſo. Mean vvhile The vile Traitour (doth go,
Bee'rg *ſelf-condemn'd*, himſelf to execute.

A bloody

A bloody peice of Charitie's the end.
The Potters field, That ſtrangers might
Be buri'd there, to buy they yield,
Not burying there their ovvn ſtrange ſpite.
Thus kind to ſtrangers, vvhilſt they kill their friend.
Mean vvhile me at a *goodly price* men hold;
Hereto it's come, One field Can yield As great a ſum,
As doth the Maker of the vvorld, vvhen ſold.
Novv th' Judge of all ſtands bound at *Pilat's* bar.
Great God is tryed For's life, by man:
Tet by this ſtranger juſtified,
Say mine ovvn people, vvhat they can.
Hurried to *Herod* next, and's men of VVar.
Herod forſooth vvould ſee a miracle,
And doth, vvhilſt I Suſtain Diſdain So patiently,
VVho could ſcoule theſe proud ſcorners quick to Hell.
In vvhite and ſplendid rayment then, from thence
I'm re-convey'd To my firſt judge.
('Tvvixt vvhom and *Herod* peace is made,
They in my blood can ſink their grudge)
VVearing the type of my clear innocence,
Saith *Pilate*, ſee, nor I, nor *Herod* can
His crime diſcry, VVhy he Should be Condemn'd to dye;
VVill you, this feaſt, that I releaſe this man?
Take him, and ſcourge him, ſcourge him as you liſt.
Oh! VVhat I feel! My God vvhat laſhes!
Think you my back is ſtone, or ſteel
Like your hard hearts? O gage theſe gaſhes?
And ſpare your rod, or tell me vvherefore is't.
Tet doth mine hand ſtill ſvvay that Iron rod,
VVherevvith I can All thoſe My foes, Ev'n as one man,
In pieces break; and make them knovv I'm God.
VVho vvould have thought all government vvere laid
Upon theſe ſhoulders Thus rent and torn
By cruel ſtripes? yet they're th' upholders
VVhereon both globes o'th' vvorld are born;
A load that's light to the ſtripes of them, that ſtraid.
I am the fruitful field, novv plovvd in furrovvs,
That ev'ry ſin Might have It's grave To vvither in.
I am the rock, theſe holes are ſinners burrovvs.

Princes, vvhilſt under *Pedagogues* they bee,
Can ſtand and ſee, VVhen they've tranſgreſt,
Subjects vvhipt for't; vvhy, *Pilate*, mee
Thou'ſt innocent and king confeſt,
Tet for my peoples faults I'm ſcourged by thee.
Pilate, thou think'ſt theſe bloody ſtripes may ceaſe
Their bloody cry, But blood So good, They'll drink them dry,
And their Hydropick thirſt vvill more increaſe.
Alas! thou think'ſt to ſeal me a releaſe
From blood in gore, But 'tvvill not be,
'Till I have emptied all my ſtore.
Then, ſinner, there's releaſe for thee.
So dearly muſt I buy my ſubjects peace.
Pilate's ovvn vvife becomes mine advocate:
Her ſufferings in Her dream, To them She doth begin,
So to prevent my paſſion, to relate.
But vvho can harden his ſoft covvardiſe,
To take my part And ſhield my right?
Or mollifie their hardened heart
To quit their ſpleen, or ſcirhous ſpite?
Pilate have nought to do vvith Chriſt, ſhe cries:
VVoman, thy husband's like to've nothing ſure
VVith me to do: VVhilſt he For me No heart can ſhovv;
But to condemn, vvhom he acquits, endure.
Pilates ovvn Lady playes the nurſing mother;
VVhileſt Jevvs reject, Builders refuſe
Fair *Sions* precious ſtone Elect,
VVhich for the corner God vvill uſe.
'VVare, *Pilate*, leſt this croud they conſcience ſmother.
Pilate and I have tvvo hard parts to play;
Pilate, to pleaſe All thoſe My foes, Tet me releaſe:
I, to make Heav'n and earth good friends this day.
Time after time he queſtions and approves
Mine innocence; And tells the Jevvs
That clearly, that's all mine offence:
And doth the oyl of courtſhip uſe,
VVich either more enflames, or nothing moves,
Pilate hangs firſt 'tvvixt tvvo, bee'ng crucified,
Conſcience and Fear: The Rout VVithout For blood appear:
By *Pilates* Privy Counſell 'tis denied.

VVill

VVill you, ſaith *Pilate*, I releaſe your King,
Or *Barabbas*, The Murderer?
The Man, of Men the Monſter vvas,
Tet *Barabbas* they all prefer;
Blood upon blood thus on themſelves they bring.
Novv, O ye Heavens, ſtand aſtoniſhed!
And thou, bright Sun, Be gone: Get on Thy mourning govvn,
That, vvhen I *bow* mine, thovv may'ſt *hide* thine head.
Let *Gad'rens* novv for kind commended be;
Tet they preferd Their heard of ſvvine,
But no *Barabbas* in that heard.
But, Oh! the hoggiſhneſs of mine,
Even of mine only people unto me!
VVhy? ev'n theſe Butchers trade's a miſtery.
There is a skill, That they This day Have learnt to fill
Their hands vvith blood: and that before I die.
The murder and the murd'rer, all's their ovvn,
VVhilſt they thus chuſe: And oh! vvhat vvonder?
VVhat fitter head for bloody Jevvs,
Than this *Barabbas*, to liſt under,
VVhilſt from their head they caſt off me, their crovvn?
My Chriſt, there's yet a ſvveeter miſtery:
Innocent breath I ſee In thee Condemn'd to death;
That th' chief of ſinners might eſcape thereby.
VVhat ſhall I do then vvith your King, ſaith he?
Him crucifie! Cries all the rout,
Oh let him, let him, let him dye!
As if they could not live vvithout
His blood; no more can I, Lord, give it mee.
VVhy but, ſaith *Pilate*, tell me, vvhat's his crime,
Or take him you. Avvay, Say they, Let him dye novv,
To find his fault vvould ask too long a time.
VVhilſt all can tell me hovv, none can tell vvhy
I ſhould be kill'd. Sirs, is't becauſe
I gave you good and righteous Lavvs,
VVhich you have broke, and I fulfill'd?
Muſt I, becauſe I let you live, novv dye?
Or is it for ſome injuries of old
In *Egypt*, and In the *Red Sea*, And deſert land,
VVhere of your Fathers Fathers have you told!

Or is't, becauſe I ſaid, I came from God
To bring a nevv And great Salvation,
Greater then th' firſt, to thee, O Jevv!
Proving my miſſion to my Nation
By an all-conquering vvonder-vvorking Rod?
Is it, becauſe your dumb can ſpeak, that I'm
Cry'd out againſt? 'Gainſt me Are ye, O Jevvs! incenſt
Becauſe of all my cures? are they my crime?
Is it becauſe your dead are rais'd, that I
Am grudg'd my breath? Grudg'd vvhat I give?
Am I therefore condemn'd to death?
Doth't therefore greive you, that I live?
VVhy I ſhall quicken the more, vvhen ere I dye.
Then *Pilate* puts me in the ſouldiers hands;
They plat a Crovvn, Alaſs! It vvas A thorny one,
VVhich he muſt vvear, vvho Heav'n and Earth commands.
VVhy, I am *Iſrael's* King; and him I found
I' th' vvilderneſs, That hovvling vvaſte,
VVhoſe muſick theſe outcries expreſs;
VVhoſe only' fruits are thorns, I taſt;
Cloath'd vvith their ſins I'm vvith their thorns too crovvn'd;
Thus I vvith ſinners change, 'tis vvell for them.
Their thorney Corvvn So vvorn, & born, I make mine ovvn,
Tielding for it an heavenly Diadem.
Iſrael, that ſo long brought me no ſvveet Cane,
Novv puts me off VVith a poor vveed;
For ſacrifice they bring a ſcoff:
And for my ſcepter, bring a reed;
Tet by me Princes rule and Kings do reign.
Then in a Purple Robe they me inveſt;
But that ſame colour I vvore Before Through ſtripes & dolour,
Both on my ſcourged back and tortur'd breaſt.
Then gath'ring round, ev'n as they liſt, they flout me.
Hail King! they cry; And bovv the knee,
But not their hearts: (VVhy, truly I
Ever had ſome that ſo ſerve mee)
Breathing diſdain, yet can't they breath vvithout me.
They rend my fleſh, the Temples of mine Head
They ſmite vvith reeds: But I Surely Shall quit their deeds,
By rending Vaile and Temple, vvhen I'm dead.

In

In ſtrange diſguiſe (for ſo are Princes vvont
VVhen as they paſs Through ſtrangers lands,
And ſuch *Judea* is, alas!
To me, vvhilſt I am in ſuch hands)
Brought forth I am, that Prieſts might me confront.
A ruthfull ſpectacle! a man of grief!
Laden vvith vvoes! VVith thorns; VVith ſcorns Of bitter foes!
VVill not the Prieſt and Levite yield relief?
VVhither, oh! vvhither, vvould I, could I flie?
Shall I repair To th' Altars ſide?
Spight is there hotteſt. There they are,
That firſt cry'd, be he crucified!
Avvay, ſay they, O let him, let him die.
VVe have a Lavv, the Sonne of Death he is,
Gods Sonne to be That makes Or takes Himſelf, here's he.
Sirs, do not quote the *Second Pſalm* for this.
Pilate, an Heathen, dreads my reverend name,
VVhich Jevvs deſpiſe: Enquires the more
VVhence I am? vvhence my Kingdome is?
Not of this vvorld, I h'd ſaid before;
So, he my dumbneſs, I his deafneſs blame.
Of vvhat he asks; I did the truth impart,
And told him ſo: But hee, 'Gan flee The truth, as though
It vvere ſome Ghoſt, or Mormo. *Truth! what art?*
VVith's povver of life and death he then doth brave me,
VVho hold the keys Of *David* ſtill,
To ſhut and open, as I pleaſe,
To bind and looſe all, as I vvill,
For ſuch Command'ments God my Father gave me:
Tet *Pilates* Conſcience in his face ſtill flies:
Novv he projects Hovv mee To free; But all th' effect's
T' enflame their fury, double their out-cries.
Tet in their anger ſo much vvit they have,
As to compound Something to calme
Poor *Pilates* Conſcience, vvhy, they've found
Some *ſimples* ſoveraign as balm;
Oh! 'tvvas good ſatisfaction, that they gave.
Thou art not Cæſars friend; if this man go.
Novv take your Chriſt, Fulfill Tour vvill, Do vvhat you liſt
VVith him, Jevvs, ſo I ſentence, and ſo do.

Thus

Thus he and I ſvvim dovvn one ſtream this day.
Tet the poor man Found vvant of vvater,
Call'd for a Baſin, and began
To vvaſh him from this bloody matter,
VVhich nothing can, but vvhat he gave avvay.
Truly his vvaſhing clears not him, but me:
Ho doth proclaim, That I Novv dye. A ſpotleſs Lamb:
Then, vvretch, vvhat Ocean can compurgate thee?
Pilate, upon us and our children fling
Thou this mans blood: VVe Jevvs, thus vviſh.
Is this your ſo much long'd for food,
To you of all the forbidden diſh?
Pilate then cryes, ye Jevvs! behold your King.
VVe have no King but *Ceſar*, they reply.
Sirs, you forget VVhoſe hour Of povver This is as yet.
Satan's your *Ceſar* more, then he, or I.
Satan, not *Ceſar*, bad you plot my fall;
That Prince of Hell, *Philiſtia's* King
Plovvs vvith mine heifer *Iſrael*:
Thus to mine end, mine ovvn me bring.
Tet *Sampſons* death's *Philiſtia's* Funeral.
The Purple Robe then ſtrip they from my back;
VVhich plainly ſhevvs It's vvorn And born For ſinners uſe,
That of my Righteouſneſs they might partake.
Thus is the Truth ſtript naked: And agen
My ſeamleſs coat They make me vveare
Unto mine execution plot,
That by my ſvveet attonement there
I might an Union vvave 'tvvixt God and Men.
Thence to the place of Sculs, Lo! I, their Head,
The tree accurſt, Before It bore Me, bear it firſt;
Till I, by bearing it, am almoſt dead.
Thus mine may learn in me, vvhat burthen he
Muſt daily beare, Taking his croſs,
That in my vvayes vvill perſevere,
Reck'ning death gain, counting life loſs:
VVho ſtumbles at my croſs, can't follovv me.
Novv are my groanes nevv pickled in friends tears,
They'd ſteal, I ſpie, This tree From mee, By Sympathy;
VVhich by conſtraint *Simon* of *Cyrene* bears.

But

But vveep not, Daughters of *Jeruſalem!*
For me at all, But for your City;
Alas! vvho can prevent thy fall,
VVho ſhevv'ſt thy builder no more pity?
If they do thus to th' green tree, vvo to them!
Thus under *Pilates* ſentence, and command
O'th' *Roman* State, That all May fall On *Romes* proud Pate;
I'th' place of Crucifixion, lo! I ſtand.
Rome! thou'rt that *Sodom*, *Ægypt*, *Babylon*,
Though Myſticall; Drunken vvith blood
Of all my Martyrs, mine vvithall
Novv mingling vvith thy *Tybers* flood.
Rome's ſtored vvith croſſes and novv lends me one!
Not *Jabbathah*, but *Golgotha's* the ſtage
The Camp vvithout; VVhere I Muſt dye 'Mongſt all the rout,
Taſting at once both *Hells* and *Heavens* Rage.
VVhy? I am the great Sacrifice for ſin,
And therefore muſt VVithout the gate
Unto the Earth commend my duſt,
VVhilſt my dear blood doth expiate
From all tranſgreſſions thoſe, that are vvithin.
Behold, my dear Diſciple, my dear Mother!
Her I bequeath To theé, To bee After my death
Provided for as by her Son, my Brother.
Novv ſee your Brazen Serpent lift on high,
Upon the pole! My bloody croſs
Bears fruit to quit, vvhat *Adam* ſtole:
Juſtice, I find may n't go by th' loſs,
Tet grace ſhal reign by righteouſneſs, hereby.
Oh! hovv I'm ſtretcht and tortur'd on this tree!
Oh! hovv each vein And nerve Doth ſerve A ſev'ral pain!
'T vvas man grevv looſe, and I muſt ſtraitned bee.
Oh! hovv thoſe hands, I ſtretcht forth all the day
To *Iſrael*, Are ſtretcht again?
That as my Patience did excell,
So novv I might exceed in pain;
VVhilſt ſinners to mine heart find open vvay.
Oh! hovv my feet, that nere took ſtep avvry,
Are pierced through! Made faſt In haſt My croſs unto
Till the tranſgreſſors may find time to flie.

I am

I am the *doore*, they nalle me to the tree:
And, as is fit, Over this gate
A royal *ſuperſcription's* vvrit,
That in *all tongues* might preach my ſtate.
Oh! all ye, that paſs by, turn in by me.
To th' croſs I'm hing'd in mine humanity,
That from the floor Even each Might reach That livingdoor,
VVhoſe upper hinge claſps in vvith th' Deity.
Romans, and *Greeks*, and *Hebrews* come and look;
Theſe open Arms Shevv th'open vvay,
Hovv by mine, you may eaſe your harms;
And may become one fold this day;
I am the Shepheard, and my croſs the crook.
I am the ſhepheard, and my crook, the croſs;
VVhereby I gather And keep My ſheep, And thine, o Father!
I'll ſuffer death, ere thou ſhalt ſuffer loſs.
Living, my bread of life among my Jevvs
I ever brake, For 'tvvas their right;
VVho vvhilſt they ſpread theſe arms, do make
A feaſt for Gentiles through their ſpight;
That, dying, I might none, that come, refuſe,
Come unto me all ye, that laden be
VVith ſin and vvrath; Come ye To me; O come in faith:
I'll bear your burdens, vvhilſt my croſs bears me,
Mine hands are not ſo nail'd, but that I can
Ev'n vvith theſe nailes Still pick the lock,
Hung on your heel, if your key fails:
But vvhilſt I preach, alas! they mock.
If thou be *th' Chriſt*, be thine ovvn *Jeſus* man.
VVhy Jevvs remember, vvhat your high Prieſt taught,
Hovv needful 'tvvas, That I Should dye, That th' cup might paſs
My people, vvhilſt I drink their bloody draught.
But, Oh *Jeruſalem!* canſt laugh at mee?
And at my griefs? As thou didſt knovv
My preſſures to be they reliefs;
Repent, believe; and be it ſo.
But laugh not at me, vvho have vvept over thee,
And yet vvep blood, for this thy ſtupid ſtate.
Father, I pray, Reprieve, Forgive Theſe foes, for they
Alas! my God, they do, they knovv not, vvhat.

They

They curſe, I bleſs: I pray, vvhilſt they revile.
VVhilſt Prieſts do ſcoff And ſore diſdain
The Sacrifice, that comes not off
Th' Altar, but ſuffers to be ſlain,
My blood makes interceſſion all the vvhile.
VVho'd raſe, then raiſe, the Temple (this is he)
In three dayes ſpace; Tet hee, VVe ſee, Can't quit this place,
VVhere all the nails, that hold him, are but three.
Tet mock not, paſſenger; vvag not thine head
In ſo much ſcorne, VVhen thou thinkſt leaſt,
VVhen I this bitter death have borne,
To earneſt I'll ſoon turn they jeſt;
And raiſe this Temple ere't be three dayes dead,
Come dovvn ſay ſome, and ſo convince they foes:
VVhich if I ſhou'd, Hovv ſore A ſtore Of vvrath, and blood,
VVould come dovvn too? Sirs, I bear off your blovvs.
VVith the tranſgreſſours numbered am I:
On either ſide, Truth bee'ng betvven,
Falſhood and theft hang crucified;
Tet if Heav'n Rolls theſe men had ſeen,
They'd found me in annother Trinity.
But, oh my grief! not onely mine ovvn Nation,
But thoſe, that be Juſtly To dye, Firſt ſcoff at me,
Their partner, not in crimes, but condemnation.
Tet can I not forget my dear Compaſſions:
Though both reproach And flout at me,
My blood for ſinners ſince I broach,
I vvill not ſuffer both to be
At once partakers of tvvo condemnations;
Th' one I call home, though in th' eleventh hour;
And thereby ſhevv, Hovv kind A mind I bear to you,
That turn, though late, to me your Saviour.
But oh his rare Converſion! oh hovv he
Juſtifies God! Rebukes his mate!
Open his ſin! kiſſeth his rod!
Takes me for Lord, beſeeching, that
In my Salvation he might ſharer be.
Thus on my Croſs I vvork a nevv Creation:
Looſing the bands Of ſin VVithin From th' ſinners hands.
My bitter ſacrifice brings ſvveet ſalvation.

Thus

Thus I give life to others, yet I dye;
I heal their vvounds, And break their bands;
Yet anguiſh mine ovvn ſoul confounds
More, then theſe nails do pierce mine hands.
My God! vvhy doſt thou me forſake? Oh! vvhy?
They rend my garments, caſt lots for my coat,
VVhilſt I hang here, Shame doth Me cloath, Elſe nak'd I vvere,
Yonder's they *Joſephs* coat, Lord doſt not knovvt'?
The ſeamleſs veſture of thy ſinleſs child
Hovv bloody is't? My God! my God!
Yet not ſo bloody as thy Chriſt
Is all vvithin by thy ſharp rod.
O be'not fierce to me, for I am mild,
See, hovv I'm nail'd to this moſt bitter tree!
Hovv I'm accurſt! Hovv gall Is all My drink in thirſt!
And vvilt thou ſo, my God, my God! leave me?
See, hovv men turn my glory into ſhame.
Mocking my faith And confidence;
Some ſay, he for *Elias* pray'th;
But, Lord, thou knovv'ſt my mind and ſenſe.
They ſlout, they ſleere, vvhilſt I call on thy name.
Yet ſave me, for I'm thine: thine handmaids ſon, (no man,
Made of this vvoman: Thy ſhade This maid, VVhen knovvn by
Impovvr'd, to bring forth me, thine holy one.
Father! I'm th' only Fatherleſs on earth:
All others have ! Fathers, or had:
O pitty, pitty, Lord! and ſave
Thy Fatherleſs, ſupport the ſad.
Oh! leave me not in death, vvho gav'ſt me birth.
My God! my God! vvhy doſt thou me forſake?
VVho never thee Forſook, Or took One ſin to mee,
Except the ſins, that thou didſt bid me take.
They fill the ſpunge vvith vinegar, but thou
My ſoul doſt fill VVith ſharper grief.
Oh! ſinner, here's a bitter pill,
Yet for thy ſickneſs ſvveet releif.
My God! my God! O do not leave me novv!
Hovv darkneſs vailes the land! yet clouds do hover
Darker by far: Thy vvrath, Lord, hath Eclyps'd thy ſtar,
VVhilſt from thy darling thou thy face doſt cover.

Hovv

Hovv both Suns ſuffer vvhile they *Son* lies under
Thy fierce diſpleaſure! Th' Sun bears a part,
But mine eclypſe it cannot meaſure.
Lord, thy ſore frovvns do teare my heart
More, then the Temples vaile, that's rent aſunder,
Novv come thy breaches and thy darkneſs on,
O Jevviſh Land! For thou Haſt novv Both rid thine hand
Of thy bright light, and of thy Corner-ſtone.
Father, the earth's all ague, and I more.
Ev'n rocks are rent, My ſoul's more torne:
Tet flinty Jevvs do n't once relent.
My God! leave not mine hope forlorne.
I hav' done. Lord, open th' everlaſting Doore.
Father, into thine hands I give my Spirit,
And utmoſt breath; VVhilſt I Thus dye; And, vvith me death:
That my dear ſeed henceforth may life inherit.
Then Chriſt, in ſvveet ſubmiſſion, *bowes his head*
To all Gods pleaſure: I think on't ſtill:
Lord, make the bovving heart my treaſure,
An heart to bovv to all thy vvill;
That dying I may ſay, *all's finiſhed.*
This done, my Saviour quickly ſhevvs his force:
Graves open flie; They ſhake And quake, That ſee him die:
The rude Centurion's ſtruck vvith ſtrange remorſe.
Thus Chriſt lets looſe his pris'ners, captivates
His ſcornful foes; They knock their breaſt,
Confeſſing vvhom they did oppoſe
To be Gods *SON*, novv not in jeſt.
Thus *Sampſon's* death brake the Phyliſtians pates.
Then vvith a ſpear his ſide a Souldier ſtrikes;
Cleaving the Rock, That may Each day VVater that Flock,
VVhoſe Shepheard is novv paſt all puſh of pikes.
This is the fountain op'ned for thy ſin,
Jeruſalem! Thy *filth*, thy *guilt*;
Here is for each a proper ſtream,
VVater and *Blood:* Let none be ſpilt:
O quench thy guilt, and cleanſe thy filth herein.
Iſra'l they Paſchall Lamb, thy Chriſt, is dead, (Leaven:
That Lamb from Heav'n: Have care, Prepare, Purge out thy
Mingle no more thy malice vvith thy bread.

Or if the Jevviſh lump vvon't leave their leaven
Make me leave mine; I have in me,
(Lord, nail it to this Croſs of thine)
An evil heart of enmity.
Lord, kill this enmity 'tvvixt Earth and Heaven.
Be thou my fort, and hiding-place, my ſoul
VVould lodge in thee: My Lord! Afford One cleft for mee,
Thy vvalls are ſhatt'red, yet thou'rt timber-vvhole.
Satan and ſin I h've ſeen i'th' Tragick ſtory
Shoot through and through Thy bleſſed heart;
Tet not one bone vvas broken, though
Mount *Sinai's* Cannons plaid their part.
In this rock hide me, till I h've ſeen thy Glory.
Shall not Chriſt crucified far dearer be
To me, then Pelf, Then name, Or fame, Or life it ſelf?
'Tvvas thus vvith *Joſeph*, vvhy not thus vvith me?
The Souldiers having broke the others leggs,
But not my Lords; *Joſeph*, a man
Rich in the goods, this vvorld affords,
But more in faith, moſt boldly ran
To *Pilate*, and Chriſts lifeleſs body beggs.
Then in clean linnen vvraps that ſkin and bones, (ſure
That martyr'd treaſure: And vvhy Can't I Take as much plea-
To cloath thy members, Lord, thy naked ones?
Jevvs, novv, our king's come dovvn: Sirs, do you ſee him?
Your Temple lies Flat by the ground:
VVill you believe vvhen't doth ariſe;
Catching your Chriſt at his rebound?
VVhy, if his ovvn vvon't have him, Lord! give me him.
Chriſt, having novv giv'n death his deadly vvound,
Followvs him home: Invades Deaths ſhades, Enters a tombe,
To ſee vvhat ſpoils may in a grave be found.
Great Conquerour, vvho haſt kill'd death i'th' duel,
After this art Lodg'd in a ſtone?
Rather take up in my poor heart,
Hovv hard ſoever, or hovv none.
Oh! that I vvere thy Cab'net, dear jevvel!
But *Joſephs* rock vvas pure, that grave vvas nevv:
Firſt in a vvomb, VVhich none Had knovvn; Then in a tombe,
VVhere none had lain, my Lord lodg'd; this doth ſhevv:

I muſt

I muſt be *clean* and *new* firſt. Tet thy paſſion
And ſtream of blood, VVhat did it mean,
That Purple, yet a Chriſtal flood?
VVas't not the making of me clean?
Doth not thy riſing mean my renovation?
Then make and take for ſuch this heart of mine,
And dvvell in it; This breaſt Is beſt, That I can get,
Had I a better, Lord, it ſhould be thine.

Surely the King of terrour I could brave,
If my Lord vvould This Sepulcher,
This heart, as his ovvn quarters hold;
I vvould nor goale, nor goaler fear.
O hovv my Saviours Corps perfume the grave!
Lord, make this heart of mine a living one
Through thy deaths merit: Convey, I pray, To me thy ſpirit,
VVho thy dead fleſh didſt coffin in dead ſtone.

VVith th' *Arimathean* Counſellour combin'd
A learned Rabbi, To ſhevv Chriſt kindneſs;
An *Iſraelitiſh* Doctor: may be,
Some vviſer man vvill blame my blindneſs,
And Antichriſt in *Law* and *Learning* find.
But may my ſoul vvith bleſſed *Joſeph* dvvell
And *Nicodem*: Tet, dovvn VVith th' Govvn, Cry ſome of them,
VVho ſcarce, I doubt, from theſe can bear the Bell.

A ſpicie mixture, 'bout an hundred pounds,
VVho came by night To Jeſus, brings
T' embalme his Lord, that gave him light,
VVith Aromatick precious things:
Tet not one half ſo precious, as thoſe vvounds.
Novv Jeſus (*Jonah* like) Heav'ns ſealed one,
Enters the deep; But ſhall The VVhale, The grave, him keep?
See, Souldiers vvatch, and *Pilate* ſeals the ſtone.

As *Daniel's* ſeal'd vvhen caſt into the Den,
Malicious Jevves Require a ſeale
And vvatch, vvhich *Pilate* vvon't refuſe,
Leſt ſome the coffin'd Corps ſhould ſteale.
They'l keep the Sun from riſing; Crafty men!
Lo! in a Garden ſtood the ſealed Tomb.
Adam the firſt Hav'ng bin For ſin I'th' Garden curſt
To th' Grave. My Saviour thus fulfills the doom.

Then dawns that bleſſed light, that ever ſince
Makes one day ſhine More, then ſix other;
For ſhould ſix week-day lights combine,
One Lords-day brightneſs would them ſmother:
With thee, *Thy Day*, Lord, *riſeth* and proves Prince.
That Day is now obſcur'd, wherein Chriſt ſlept;
That Day's made bright, In which That rich And orient light
Quit that blind priſon, where he had been kept.
Surely, that thay's the whole weeks *Jubilee*,
(That day's the beſt, Which my dear Lord,
By ceaſing from his labour, bleſt,
Labour, that coſt more, then a word)
Wherein redemption ſet the ranſom'd *free*.
This firſt day finds more, then the ſeventh day loſt;
Can ſuperadd And raiſe More praiſe, Then th' other had:
So th' old Commandment is fullfill'd, not croſt;
That bids me celebrate, what day of ſeaven
God hath moſt bleſt; And *his*, doth call:
Such *was* the Jewiſh, *is* our reſt.
We ſowr'd Gods firſt works by our fall,
Till Chriſts laſt Paſſover purg'd out the leaven.
Was not Chriſts Burial part of's Humiliation?
His day of reſt From that Dark ſtate Shal't not be bleſt?
Shall I ..'s prize a new, then old Creation?
Redemption is a making old things new.
Rouze, Chriſtians, then: Though dead before,
Let *Lords dayes* find you living men;
That with your Chriſt can riſe and ſoare.
And for the Chriſtian, quit thy Sabbath, Jew.
The firſt in ſin runs firſt to th' Sepulcher
Poor woman kind; But Chriſt Is miſt; Oh! they can't find
Their Lord; though two of his Life-guard appear.
The two bright pointers of that bleſſed Star,
His countenance, Who h'd roll'd the ſtone,
Strikes keepers hearts, at's firſt advance,
As dead, as what he ſate upon.
Thieves were, now Angels Chriſts attendants are.
Say th' women, who ſhall roll the ſtone away?
'Twas done before. Thus may, I pray, I find my ſcore
Quit to mine hand, when I cry, who ſhall pay?

Surely,

Surely, my ſurety did my debt diſcharge:
Lord, elſe vvhy ſhould Thine Angel be
Sent dovvn t' unlock that priſon-hold,
VVherein my Saviour lay for me?
My ſurety's free, vvhy may n't I vvalk at large?
They vvould vvith Oyntments, Odours, precious things,
Perfume his Priſon; But th' dead VVas fled; Their *Sun* vvas *riſen*
VVith ſvveeter balme, vvith *healing in his wings*.
Mary, the ſinner, *Mary Magdalen*
Marcheth ith' van To th' Sepulcher,
But th' ſtone's remov'd, and ſo's the man;
She, miſſing her dear Saviour there,
To *John* and *Peter* runs, and comes agen.
Theſe run a race, the vvager's precious truth;
But *John* out-ran: Alas! He vvas The younger man.
Happy the man, runs after Chriſt in youth.
Peter, ſucceſſour to his Maſters Croſs,
VVhileſt *John* keeps out, Enters Chriſts Tombe;
Looks for his Chriſt, but finds a clout
And vvinding-ſheet in Saviours room:
But Chriſt is gone. O bleſſed, gainful loſs!
Mary, th' old vveeper, ſtands vvithout and cryes; (throvvn,
But ſtooping dovvn, Spies here And there The Grave cloaths
VVhich linnens ſcarce can ſerve to vvipe her eyes:
She is ſtill anxious, turns her round, and lo
There th' Gard'ner ſtood, As ſhee conceiv'd,
Ev'n he, that vvaters vvith his blood
Each plant of his. Thus Chriſt's receiv'd
By the true ſeeker oft, vvhen't thinks not ſo.
Sir, if thou have borne him hence (and 'tvvas vvell gueſt)
Tell me, ſaith ſhee; *Mary!* Lo! Ev'n I am he.
Ah! my dear Lord, that vvord revives my breaſt.
Tet touch me not, ſaith he, I'm not aſcended;
But go thou rather And tell abroad
Unto my Brethren: to my Father
And yours I go, mine and your God,
So richly is the pooreſt Saint befriended!
Hovv ſtudious is my Lord, that they ſhould knovv,
And ſo partake Of this His Bliſs, That did forſake
Him in his captive ſtate and ſufferings ſo.

Surely these men, that fled then from their colours,
Might have expected Another kind
Of message should have been directed
From their novv rising Lord: but find
Their sins in his Grave buri'd vvith his dolours.
No vvord of th' old uncomfortable story.
But say I'm risen: Let tears And fears Take up my prison.
Run, tell my Brethern, thou hast seen my Glory.

Also the *Angel* cryes, be not affraid;
Jesus you'd have; I knovv it vvell:
But think you, *David* in a Cave,
Or *Davids* Son must ever dvvell:
Come, see the place, vvhere your dear Lord vvas laid.
VVoman, your Lord's not here; your Lord is risen,
Have you forgot Your Lords Ovvn vvords? Or have you not?
Seek you the Prince of life in this dead prison?

Run, tell the rest, and *Peter*, Christ is gone
Tovv'rds *Galilee*, As he did say.
VVith joy and fear avvay they flee
All dapled like the time of day.
And as they march, behold! they see the *SON*.
O may my Lord thus evermore appear,
And shine upon Poor me, VVhen he Saith, get thee gone
And unto others of me tidings bear.

Oh blessed meeting! Courtship, and devotion!
All Haile! saith he; They bovvr' his feet;
Light, that forbids us courteous be,
VVas then so dark, Christ could not see't.
That master taught his schollars no such notion.
Men, 'tis observ'd, the rising sun adore;
Christ's risen novv; & bright Day light Beames from his brovv;
Shall not all vvorship the Son of God much more?

The vvatch mean vvhile bring nevvs of all that's done
To th' Priests vvithin, Ev'n that Christ's risen;
VVho seeing him past reach, begin
To plot hovv they this truth m' imprison.
Christs second Grave-stone is a silver one.
VVhat potent pranks can mighty Mammon shevv!
Povverfull pelf In'ts facts Ontacts Ev'n povv'r it self:
Money can make truth falsehood, falsehood true.

Money

Money betrai'd my Lord to all theſe vvrongs;
Novv they're deviſing To keep on foot
Something to cloud this bright Suns-riſing;
And 'tis large money that muſt do't.
This ſilver key muſt turn the ſouldiers tongues.
Souldiers are taught a ſorry tale to tell; (chinks
VVhich ſhould, methinks, Nere ſlip Their lip; But that, vvhich
So ſvveetly, can make all ſound pretty vvell.
Say, *VVhilſt we keepers ſlept at th' Sepulcher,*
's Diſciples came And ſtole him thence;
VVh.ch if the Governour ſhall blame,
VVe'll meditate and make your defence.
Novv hear, O Heavens! and, O Earth! give ear.
Can'ſt thus, O *Iſr'el*, fool avvay thy Glory?
Is ſuch a vviſe Fable Able To blind thine eyes?
Is this th' authentick, yet received ſtory?
VVhy, ſouldiers, if you ſlept at th' Sepulcher,
VVhilſt that vaſt ſtone VVas rolling back,
(VVhich may a Jevv believe, or none)
And ſome by ſtealth the corps did take;
I marvel, you could ſee, vvhat men they vvere.
Or, if you ſavv the thieves, vvhy did you not
Stop or purſue? So ſhort Report VVant ſo much glue?
See hovv the laſt vvords have the firſt forgot.
But, oh fond Prieſts and Elders, vvhence is it,
That you can ſtroak Theſe ſouldiers pates?
Sure, ſuch neglect vvould you provoke
Of all. Tet you're their advocates,
Alas! hovv fury doth befoole their vvits!
Mean vvhile Diſciples vvere ſo far from thieving, (refuſe
That, vvhen this nevves They brought, That ſavv't, Tet they
To take't for truth, being ſo far from believing.
As tvvo of them vvere to *Emaus* going,
Their buſie tongue Bee'ng vvell imploy'd,
My deareſt Lord ſtands them among;
No ſooner talk't of, then enjoy'd,
Happy the Servant's, vvhom he finds ſo doing.
VVhat is your talk, that makes your walk ſo ſad?
Saith *Cleophas*. Doſt thou Not knovv Theſe things? Alas!
A mighty man and Prophet vve have had;

Mighty in vvord and deed vvith God and Men:
Jeſus vvas he Of *Nazareth*,
VVe'd hop'd, might our Redeemer be:
But him our Rulers put to death,
This bee'ng the third day ſince. And yet agen
VVe knovv not, vvhat to think on't, hurried (cher,
'Tvvixt hope and fear; For ſome, That come From th' Sepul-
Aſſure us, that he's riſen from the Dead.

But, oh this evil heart of unbelief!
This vvant of faith, That can provoke
The gentle Lamb of God to vvrath,
Setting in ev'ry vvheel a ſpoke,
Clouding the riſing Sun vvith gloomy grief!
O fooles, and ſlovv of heart, replies my Lord,
Slovv to believe me; But oh Not ſo Not ſlovv to grieve me!
Ought not your Chriſt fulfill the vvritten VVord?

But Chriſt can't alvvayes hold his chiding ſtory:
Sugars his cheeks VVith ſvveet inſtructions;
Moſes his vaile in pieces breaks;
Proves by Prophetick fair deductions,
Through Seas of Sufferings Chriſt muſt land in Glory.
My Lord then makes, as he vvould further go:
But they begin To pray Him ſtay, And he turns in:
Happy, vvho love their cloſe reprovers ſo.

This bread of life thus broken vvhen he had,
He breaks more bread, And makes them eat;
Their Lord's their Shepheard, they're vvell fed,
Body and Soul, vvith bleſſed meat.
My ſoul, ſeek Chriſt firſt: and thoſe things he'll add.
Juſt novv my Lord makes them ſee, vvho he is,
Then ſlips avvay: And, oh! 'Tvvas ſo VVith me laſt day,
One moment op'ned and ſeal'd up like bliſs.

VVhen Chriſt vvas gone, ſay they, vve might have gueſt,
VVhat light 'tvvas, brought So bright a day
To darkeſt Scriptures; might have thought,
The *riſen Sun* vvas in our vvay,
Finding our hearts ſo *burn* vvithin our breaſt.
Then they return back to *Jeruſalem*,
Brimfull of joy, To feaſt The reſt; But they are coy,
Till Chriſt himſelf ſtands in the midſt of them.

And

And 'tis ſo ſtill. VVhoever's ſent about
To tell thy ſtory, Hardneſs of hearts
And unbelief blinds all thy glory:
Lord, vvho believes? Lord, vvho converts?
Till thy dear preſence puts all out of doubt.
Their doors bee'ng ſhut, and hearts much more, that even
My Lord to put All out Of doubt; (None elſe can do't)
This nevves imparts in perſon to th' eleven.

Tet oh hovv hard a thing is this believing?
A ſprite appears, As they ſuppoſe;
The ſame, that in their ſtorms of fears
VValk't on the Seas, vvhen vvinds aroſe.
Phant'ſies fools-bolt, hovv't hinders truths receiving!
Jeſus ſalutes them vvith a peace be to you
Once and agen: 'Tis I; Sirs, vvhy Diſtruſt you then?
VVhy do you let ſuch thoughts ariſe, vvhy do you?

Dovvn doubtings; I'm got up: And ready have
(Sirs, come and ſee And feel, I pray,)
A Tombe, dead unbelief, for thee
Dig'd in my ſide but t' other day,
And for your doubtings in each hand a grave.
If theſe ſuffice not, handle, feel my feet,
There are tvvo more. Doubt not, I've got All as before;
Rather then miſs their faith, their ſenſe he'll meet.

Then for the further feeding of their faith
He calls for food; They give him fiſh,
And Honey-Comb: but, oh! his blood
And body is a ſvveeter diſh.
Then, breathing, take the Holy Ghoſt, he ſaith.
Novv doth the froſt-nipt tree of life recover:
Puts forth again Nevv ſprings, And brings Fruits, that remain,
Spirit and Life, ſo prove's Deaths VVinter's over.

Thomas mean vvhile, bee'ng abſent from the reſt,
Freezing from th' fire, (Like them, that miſs
Th' aſſemblies Chriſt is vvont t' inſpire
VVith ſvveet aſſurance, joy and bliſs)
Can't feed his faith vvith hear-ſay of a feaſt;
He muſt firſt hold a Coroners inqueſt;
Muſt ſee Chriſts ayles, And muſt Firſt thruſt I'th' print o'th' nailes
His fingers; e're this faith enter his breaſt.

His faith muſt go on ſtilts, or not at all;
See vvith the eye, Feel vvith the hand,
His faith muſt in his fingers lye,
His faith muſt in his feeling ſtand,
At th' bound from ſorry ſenſe he'll catch the ball.
Th' vveek after, he and they be'ng all together,
VVith bleſſed greeting (Increaſe Of peace) Chriſt crovvns their meeting.
Thomas, ſaith he, come reach thy finger hither.
As men are vvont, vvho've Children to be taught,
My Lord vvas fain, (Though ev'ry letter
In's hands and feet vvere printed plain)
VVith's finger teach him ſpell the better,
The Child to faith by feeling muſt be brought.
My Lord! and my God! hovv this ſight relieves me!
Poor *Thomas* cries. Chriſt ſaith, Thy faith May thank thine eyes;
Bleſſed is he vvho ſees not, yet believes me.
Diſciples after this a fiſhing go;
But nothing's caught Throughout the night;
Till Jeſus comes and brings a draught;
Lord ſhevv me ſo, vvhich ſide's the right,
VVhen to catch ſouls thy Goſpel net I throvv.
Chriſt look't into their cup-board juſt before;
Children, have ye Got meate To eate? Elſe come to me;
I've food and firing for you on the ſhore.
Hence ſinfull cares; infeſt my ſoul no longer,
Baſe diffidence; Doubtings retreat;
Soul, mind thy Saviours providence;
Do thine ovvn vvork, and he'll find meat,
Or give thee ſomething's better, if thou hunger.
Dinner bee'ng done, Chriſt ſpeaks of vvorking then;
And ſo ſhould vve; Our vvhet, Not let, Our food ſhould be.
Shepherds Chriſt feeds, to feed his ſheep agen.
Shepherds, vvho love to eat, but not to feed,
Are, vvhat they're not, Not, vvhat they are;
(A Paradox, and Gordian knot,
VVhich Chriſt vvill cut, and vvill not ſpare)
Shepheards in name, but rav'ning vvolves indeed.
Peter, doſt love me more, then theſe? I'll prove thee.
Then feed and keep My flock; My ſtock Of Lambs and Sheep.
All knovving Lord, ſaith he, thou knovv'ſt, I love thee.

Peter,

Peter, vvhen thou vvaſt young, then thou vvaſt free
To come and go As thou'dſt a mind,
Girding thy ſelf: 't ſhall not be ſo,
VVhen thou art old, others ſhall bind,
And gird, and carry thee. Man! follovv me.
Peter replies, and vvhat muſt this man do?
VVhat's that to thee? Follow Me thou. Hovv buſie vvee
Are, to mind others vvorks, our ovvn not ſo.
In an appointed mount in *Galilee*
Chriſt meets th' eleven: Chargeth them there
By all his povv'r in Earth and Heav'n
To preach the Goſpel ev'ry vvhere;
Baptizing in the name of One and Three.
And in ſo doing, ſaith, I'm vvith you ſtill.
He ſhevvs Hells loſs: Deaths gate, Sins ſtate Spoil'd by his Croſs.
Novv is our *Sampſon* got on *Gaza's* hill.
To prove my nevv-bought right to ev'ry Nation,
Nevv tongues I give Unto you: Though
Tou drink vvhat's deadly, you ſhall live:
Serpents ands ſickneſſes ſhall knovv
And Devils too, that I have vvrought Salvation.
As many years, as *Iſra'l* juſt had been,
Chriſt, dayes doth ſpend 'Tvvixt the Red Sea Of's bloudy end,
And Heav'nly *Canaan:* forty dayes he's ſeen.
Mean vvhile Chriſt ſummons others from the dead,
To evidence His Reſurrection:
From types, from texts, from faith, from ſenſe,
Of proofs hovv full, hovv fair collection,
Shevv'ng Chriſt is Riſen as the Churches head.
Novv, O devourer! vvhere's thy victory?
Out of the grave That old Strong hold And eating Cave
Comes meat and ſvveetneſs; vvhich vvho taſts, can't die:
Ev'n Chriſt comes thence. And novv in *Olivet*,
VVhere he laid dovvn In part of pay
For th' purchaſe of his nevv bought crovvn,
His bloody ſvveat: ev'n there this day,
To ſee's Intronization, Saints are met:
VVilt thou reſtore the kingdome, Lord, they cry,
To *Iſr'el* yet? For you To knoovv Times is not fit;
I'll ſend my ſpirit! that's my Lords reply.

O vvhat

O vvhat an eager fooliſh thing is man!
Buſie to knovv, VVhat leaſt concerns him!
But to take forth, alas! hovv ſlovv
The leſſons, that my God vvould learn him.
A ſieve, that lets go th' flovv'r, but holds the bran.
Melchiſedeck mean time, our Prieſt for ever,
VVith lift up hands On his All bliſs And grace commands;
VVhom clouds receiving from their ſight do ſever.

But not from th' eye of faith, vvhich fixedly
Purſues their king; Till Angels do
Tidings of's ſecond coming, bring,
In ſuch ſort as, they'd ſeen him go.
Chear up, my drooping heart, thine head's on high:
Tet not ſo high, but that his heart's as lovv,
As ſtill to mind Poor thee, Till hee Hath made thee find,
VVhat for thy gain he ſometime did forego.

Novv's the forerunner ent'red in for thee;
Thy Lords aſcended; Up, and avvay!
VVhen Chriſt firſt roſe; this flight he 'ntended;
And art thou quickned here, to ſtay?
May all my life but one Aſcenſion bee!
But I'm all fits and ſtarts, and cannot get
Hold of mine ovvn; But clouds Prove ſhrouds; And all ſeem gone;
Sometimes I *riſe* vvith Chriſt, but cannot *ſit*.

Tet am I fixt, vvhilſt Saviour ſits in Heaven;
There are no hills And dales on high;
My Svvampes my Saviours merit fills,
That all might in a level lie,
Making my ſtate, though not my comfort, even.
VVhy art thou then, my ſoul, diſquieted?
Chriſt dvvelt in duſt As thou Doſt novv; Shall I not truſt
Him, that drank of my brook, to lift mine head?

Is this the Butler, that bore *Pharaohs* cup?
Though he forgot *Joſeph* i'th' Priſon,
VVhen rais'd himſelf, thy Lord vvill not
Reckon, that hee's compleatly riſen,
Till all his foes are dovvn, and friends got up.

Dovvn

Dovvn then, thou evil heart of unbelief!
Thou art a foe, To mee I ſee, To him I knovv;
A goale vvould fit thee vvell, for thou'rt a thief.

Thou pick'ſt my comforts, and thou ſteal'ſt his praiſe,
His and my loſs VVe lay to thee;
Betvvixt tvvo thieves Chriſt left one Croſs
Void, that there hanged thou mightſt bee.
Th' arch-thief of all, that rob on Gods high vvayes.
Novv, as Mount *Olivet* for *Sion* Mount
Thou didſt forgo, Teach mee Like thee, Svveet Saviour, ſo
Heav'ns joyes before earths fatneſs to account.

I determined not to know any thing, ſave Jeſus Chriſt, *and him crucified*, 1. Cor. 2. 2.



SPI-

SPIRIT.

MY Verſe proceeds to him, that by proceeding
Subſiſteth in the Deity;
But can't proceed vvithout his ſpeeding:
This Dove doth teach all other birds to fly.
My callovv muſe hath pinions, but no vvings,
Pinions indeed of ignorance;
Tet th' Dove, that hatcheth other things,
Can fledge mine infant muſe vvith utterance.
But th' other day I ſavv a Lamb take vving
And flie to Heaven from an hill:
I vvatcht to ſee, if any thing
VVould fall from him in flight, and found a quill,
Of vvhich I made a pen, and fell to vvrite
The ſtory; vvriting, found a Verſe;
VVhilſt on mine hand a Dove d d light,
And bad me vvith the Lamb the Dove rehearſe!
My maſter from mine head but th' other day
The Clouds did take: unkind? or kind?
For, vvhilſt my Maſter vvent avvay,
His Mantle dropt, vvhich vvhoſo ſeeks, may find.
I ſeek it: Bleſſed Spirit! Come and ſpread
Thy beaming vvings and cover me,
In thy bright light thy Poet lead
That in thy light vvoold fain diſcover thee.
'Tis only Sun-ſhine, that can ſhevv the Sun,
Alas! my Lord, my ſpirit's fleſh;
Dark lanthorn light is next to none:
My Froſt-nipt blooms vvhat Sun-beams can refreſh?
Since then my carnal mind can never ſhevv
Or vvho, or vvhat, dear Dove! thou art:
The ſpirit of my mind renevv
And it ſhall reimburſe, vvhat thou'lt impart.

Father

Father and Son are God, and God's a Spirit,
And yet Gods Spirit neither is
Father, nor Son; yet doth inherit
VVith both an equall, yet diſtinguiſh'd bliſs.
Father and Son are God, and God is love,
Tet neither Father, nor the Son,
But their ſvveet ſpirit's the ſvveet Dove:
Each hath his Spirit, yet they both but one.
By this eternal Spirit Chriſt, the VVord,
Offers himſelf to God and dies:
Tet by his Spirit doth afford
Of life unto dead ſinners all ſupplies.
This Spirit's infinite: oh! vvho can flee
His preſence and all ſearching ſight?
Tet he's a vvind, vvhich vvho can ſee
From vvhence it comes, or vvhither it takes flight?
This Spirit's infinite; dvvells every vvhere,
Fathoms all hearts, founds ev'ry deep:
Tet hovv fevv Temples, Lord! are there,
VVherein this holy Ghoſt doth houſe, or keep?
This active Spirit moves in ev'ry vvheel,
VVorks, as he vvill; doth, vvhat he liſts,
Mans heart's that only braſs and ſteel,
That the ſvveet Spirits motions reſiſts.
This povv'rfull Spirit did the Heavens garniſh
And doth renevv earths vvith'red face:
VVhen vvinter vvaſheth off the verniſh
And makes a verdant ſpring in ev'ry place.
And vvhy not in my ſoul? avvake and blovv,
O North vvind, and, thou South vvind, come,
Let all my ſvveets and ſpices flovv,
That he, that ovvns my garden, may have ſome.
VVhere the Lords ſpirit is, there's liberty:
Tet a grim Sergeant one day came,
And neck and heels my ſoul did tie,
Saying, he did it in the Spirits name.
He did his Office, and vvould not be brib'd;
But as his vvarrant ſhevv'd a vvriting;
Spirit of bondage, there ſubſcrib'd,
I ſpied; and found, 'tvvas of his ovvn inditing.

My

My heart before had been a bird of prey,
But, novv bee'ng conquer'd by a Dove,
I think on't ſtill, hovv't ſprangling lay,
Crying for quarter to that bird of love.
I markt his bill, but ſavv no Olive branch;
Peace I implor'd, but he deni'd;
VVhat blood he drevv, refus'd to ſtanch,
Till I ſubmitted to be mortified.
Dear Dove, ſaid I, convince me, pierce me, grieve me;
Strike through and through this vvretched heart,
So that thou'lt but at length relieve me,
And vvith thy gentle vvings but ſtroke my ſmart.
Dear heart, ſaid he, I ſtruck thee for to ſtroke thee,
Put thee in bonds, to ſet thee free;
That I might better heal, I broke thee;
I'm ſent to comfort, by convincing thee.
Though I'm all light and peace, yet I did ſend thee
To a dark priſon, holding over
My black rod, but it vvas to mend thee;
For friends do Fools and Phranticks thus recover.
Remember, man, thy vvild and *Bethlem*-tricks;
Hovv oft I ſtrove vvith thee in vain;
Thine heel could kick againſt my pricks;
Sure 'tvvas high time to get thee in a chain.
Thou, and *Manaſſeh*, ſtood in much more need
Of iron chains, then chains of Gold.
Diſtracted folk muſt purge and bleed,
And in their moneths be caught and kept in hold.
O bleſſed bonds! ſaid I, O happy trouble!
O bitter ſvveet, ſvveet-bitter ſmart!
My pain vvas great, my profit double,
VVhilſt thus thou undertak'ſt to tame mine heart.
Void, Chymicks! ſpill your Spirits! quit your art!
Ceaſe from your oft ſought, unfound ſtone;
There's but one Spirit, can convert
An iron chain into a golden one.
Dear Dove, thy pris'ner may I ever be!
Bondage is like to be my ſtate,
If to my ſelf thou leave me free.
He's only free, vvhom thou doſt captivate.

VVhere

VVhere the Lords Spirit is, there's liberty;
No man can ſay, Jeſus is Lord
But by the Holy Ghoſt, or cry
Abba, till that ſvveet Spirit teach that vvord.

I vvas a liſper and a ſtamerer,
And could not ſkill o'th' *Sibboleth*,
That might my pray'r to God indear,
Till this free Spirit gave nevv ſpeech and breath.

I vvas a beggar, ſo extreamly poor,
I ſkill'd not hovv to make my moanes;
But this Dove met me at Gods door,
Supply'ng my vvant of vvords vvith ſtore of groanes.

I vvas in ſuit, and could not vvell make good
My Title; But ſaid this free Spirit,
Soul, take this ſeal, the ſeal of blood;
I am thy vvitneſs, and thou ſhalt inherit.

I found a riddle, vvhilſt I ſought a Text,
But this free Spitit loos'd the knot:
VVhich, vvhen I h'd read, yet vvhat vvas next,
Had not this Spirit prompted, I'd forgat.

My barren grounds vvhere chapt for vvant of rain,
Gaſping tovv'rds Heaven for a flood;
This Spirit flovving in amain,
Told me, that he had brought me, that's as good.

I ſearcht mine heart, found ſo much droſs and tin,
So little elſe, I fell a mourning
Both for my groſs and ſplendid ſin;
Then he to me the ſpirit vvas of burning.

I fell a burning vvhen my God did chide me;
VVater, ſaid I, or I'm undone;
This ſtreaming Spirit ſtreight ſuppli'd me,
Till all thoſe ſcorching flames vvere quencht & gone.

I fell a chilling till my heart grevv ſtone:
Scarce had I left one vvarm deſire;
My fro'zen heart vvas next to none;
Then ſaid this Holy Spirit: I am fire.

I fell a melting vvhen I felt his heat;
My ſoul vvas broached at mine eyes;
The ice vvas thavvn to tears and ſvveat,
VVhich vvith freſh gales this Spirit gently dries.

Theſe fontinels thus dri'd, pride rais'd a tumour,
And then the Spirit's fain to take
His Lancet and let out the humour:
But, oh! mine heart hovv did it burn and ake?
VVhich this dear Dove perceiving, ſtraigtvvay goes
T' a precious box, and thence applies
An ointment, made of *Sharons* Roſe;
VVhich both the ſvvelling cools, and mollifies.
VVhen I vvas none, this Spirit made me be,
And live, and breath: vvhen I vvas vvorſe,
(For vvorſe, then nothing, ſin made me)
For my rebuilding freely did imburſe.
My ſtony heart this ſpirit hatcht to fleſh:
My fleſhly heart did circumciſe;
My bleeding heart vvith balme refreſh
Thoſe tears that fell from bleeding Saviours eyes.
In native gore vvhen I polluted lay,
Hav'ng none to vvaſh, to ſalt, to ſvvath me;
His counſells vvere my ſalt that day;
His lavvs my ſvvadling bands: his grace did bathe me.
VVith milk for Babes this comforter did fill
Both Teſtaments, the old and nevv;
But hovv to come by't, I'd no ſkill,
Till he thoſe breaſts of conſolation drevv.
He took me by the hand, and taught me go,
For I vvent all by forms before,
Till's holy unction made me knovv
A nevv and living vvay to fathets door.
I got upon an hill, vvould fain deſcry
Heav'ns *Canaan* from earths vvilderneſs;
But being there, could nothing ſpy,
Till vvith his eye-ſalve he my eyes did dreſs.
Over againſt Heav'ns haven on the ſhore
I ſtood and vvaited for a vvind;
Then did this Spirit vvaft me ore
In heart, in hope, in faith, in joy of mind.
Arithmetick and th' art of meaſuring
I h'd ſtud ed, but bungled ſtill;
The meaſure of a ſpan to bring
Or number of my dayes I could not ſkill.

Then

Then this free ſpirit gave a vvatch to me,
VVhich ev'ry day vvind up I muſt,
To tell me hovv my time did flee;
But I forgot, and let it ſtand and ruſt.
Then being griev'd, that I'd ſo diſreſpected
Both gift and giver, did indeavour
To vvind it up, but t' had collected
Such ſoil, as from the vvheels I could not ſever.
Then did I mourning to the donour go;
Confeſs'd my fault, ſhevv'd him the ſoile,
It gather'd, vvhilſt neglected ſo:
Do not deſpaire, ſaid he, for I am oyle.
This is the Spirit of all life and bliſs,
Tet vvhen I felt him firſt, I died:
The fountain of my life he is,
Tet but for him, I h'd neer been mortified.
This Spirit in mine heart doth ſhed abroad
Gods dear and never dying love:
Tet not a day 's but his ſharp rod
Doth me ſeverely chaſtiſe and reprove.
This Spirit rais'd my Chriſt, yet caſts me dovvn,
Doth caſt me dovvn, and yet uphold;
Mine humblings are my joy, my Crovvn;
My fear doth make my faith more firm and bold.
Calms are not alvvayes profitable for me,
Therefore the vvinds are ſometimes high;
This Spirit bluſters, and is ſtormy,
That I might ground-faſt in humility.
This Spirit is my good and only guide:
Tet, vvalk i' th' Spirit, Scriptures ſay.
My conduct, and my path beſide
This Spirit is; my Captain, and my vvay.
Man vvalk according to thy native light,
Say ſome, and thou ſhalt perfect bee:
Perfect indeed, as noon's at night;
Lord, in thy Spirits light light let me ſee.
A ſpirit there's in man; but th' inſpiration
Of the Almighty only can
By no leſs, than a nevv Creation,
Enlighten't: ſuch a dungeon ſin made man.

Mans ſpirit is the Candle of the Lord;
VVhich, vvho vvould ſee by, firſt ſhould light
At Gods ovvn fire, ev'n Gods ovvn vvord:
Gods vvord, 's his mind, ſent us in black and vvhite.
For ſince th' incarnate VVord his tender love
In blood to vvrite us condeſcends,
VVhat vvonder, that his ovvn dear Dove
In ink and paper prayes us to be friends?
Nor Son, nor Spirit had I underſtood,
Bee'ng ſunk ſo deep in ſins dark grot,
Had not the Son took bone and blood,
Had not the Spirit pen and paper got.
The Son, in humane nature clad, doth raiſe
My conſcience out of guilts dark grave;
The Spirit, cloath'd in humane phraſe,
My mind out of blind ignorance's cave.
The Son in ſervile form came dovvn among's,
Serving, to purchaſe us command:
The Spirit fell in cloven tongues,
As vvho vvould liſp, that vve might underſtand.
Surely this Spirit of all Spirits fram'd
That Book of Books, my Bible dear;
A thing that's all things, can be nam'd:
Food, phyſick, treaſures, pleaſures, all are here.
A glaſs, that ſhevves to ev'ry man his face;
A ſtaff, that helps the lame to vvalk:
A ſpur, that makes him mend his pace:
A light, that ſhevvs vvhat, and vvhat not, to balk.
A Book, that makes the ſimple truly vviſe:
A Book, that proves the vviſeſt fools;
A Book, that helps the Readers eyes:
A Book, that baffles and befools the ſchools.
A Book, vvhoſe ev'ry leaſe, vvhoſe ev'ry line
Outſhines the milky vvay as far,
As if Heavens light ſhould all combine
To darken and obſcure one painted ſtar.
A Book, that told my ſtory, ere I vvas:
A Book, that tells me, vvhat ſhall be
VVhen I'm no more; vvhat doom ſhall paſs
On States, on Churches, Perſons, and on me.

This

Thit Book's truths ſtandard, nay, 'tis truth it ſelf;
So vvell's the Spirit here pourtrai'd;
This Book doth ſanctifie the ſhelf,
The heart, I mean, vvhere it's ſincerely laid.
Tet ſome by reaſon, ſome by nevv-found light
Not only leave to queſtion take,
But mend this Book and ſet it right
By Tables of Errata's, they vvould make.
So much is good, and 'tis Canonicall,
As to mans reaſon is commenſur'd;
Gods light, by mans, muſt ſtand, or fall;
And ſo the Sun by th' Sextons Clock is cenſur'd.
Methinks, I love the Author for the Book:
The Book for th' Author much more love;
VVhen op'ning, into it I look,
My God, I can't forget thy ſvveet ſpreead-Dove.
The gentle vvings I feel, and hear the mourning
Of that dear Turtle, vvaiting ſtill
Upon my grieving and returning,
To bring an Olive-branch of peace i'th' bill.
The lines, I grant, are not all of one colour,
Tet all make up mans doom and duty;
Some promiſe joy, ſome threaten dolour,
Variety makes up the Turtles beauty.
This Dove *Bezaleel* and *Aholiab* taught
All curious vvorks for th' Sanctuary:
But Scriptures are more finely vvrought,
Shevving moſt art, vvhere they ſeem moſt to vary.
As vvhen this one ſvveet Spirit is call'd ſeaven,
Perfection's meant in unity:
A Spirit, filling Earth and Heaven,
That operates in all, but diverſly.
Some reckon ſeaven Suns to ev'ry vveek,
So many Moons to ev'ry year,
As ſhe turns th' vvhole face, or half cheek,
And doth by turns firſt ſit, and then appear.
This Spirit makes in *Sampſon* ſtrength excell,
And in a *Moſes* Government,
And vviſdom in a *Daniel*,
And all much more in Chriſt, vvhere't dvvelt unpent.

This Spirit doth tranſcribe the Goſpel-ſtory
On th' fleſhly tables of mine heart:
Chriſt's Cradle, Croſs, his Grave, his Glory
All's acted on that ſtage by th' Spirits art.
To his Birth anſvvers my Regeneration:
Heart-Circumciſion ſuites to his:
To's Croſs and Grave mortification:
And Grace and Hope to's Riſing and his Bliſs.
And then, as Chriſt makes interceſſion for us,
The Spirit in us, intercedes;
VVith crying blood our Chriſt doth ſtore us,
VVith ſighes and groanes the Spirit in us pleads.
This Spirit is unbounded, yet believers
In earthen veſſels this rich treaſure
Only receive, as he delivers,
And he diſpenſeth each one but a meaſure.
This Spirit is eternal, never dies,
An unextinguiſhable fire:
Tet in mens hearts oft gaſping cryes:
Oh! if you quench me thus, I ſhall expire.
This Spirit is a Dove, yet to conteſt
VVith Crovves and Vultures is he fain;
VVhilſt in his room mans vvretched breaſt
Doth luſts unclean, vvraths, rapines entertain.
This Spirit it a Dove, yet's vexed often
By fooliſh man, that peeviſh vvaſp,
VVhoſe heart nor Sun, nor ſhovv'r can ſoften,
Man grieves him, vvithout vvhom he could not gaſp.
This tender Spirit vvho, but man, vvould grieve?
If I my Comforter make ſad,
VVho onely can ſad hearts relieve,
Alas! my God, vvho then ſhall make me glad?
Grieve, fooliſh heart! be't to thine ovvn perplexing,
Be thou as melted vvax in me,
That thou ſhouldſt ſet this Dove a vexing,
That ſvveetly ſeals redemption unto thee.
Give, ſtubborn heart, relent, ſince for thy ſake
The Lamb of God not onely blood,
But ev'n Gods turtle tears doth take;
Let thy repentance ſtill help on the flood.

Melt,

Melt, ſtony heart! till all becomes one river.
Doves do delight near ponds to dvvell:
Groans are beſt muſick to a griever:
Such is Gods Dove, vvhoſe groanes thy duty tell.
Shevv not thy ſelf vexatious to a Dove,
That cannot grieve thee vvithout grieving;
Ev'n Publicans yield love for love.
Quench not truths Spirit by thy unbelieving.
Afflict not this dear guide: go not aſtray;
Nor look back from an holy life:
VVhile th' Spirit ſayes: his is the vvay,
Have ſalt in thee; remember, man, *Lots* vvife.
Check not this Spirits checks, but let them bee
Taken for kindneſs, as they are:
His ſmitings reckon oyl to thee;
Say, ſmite my rock, my God, and do not ſpare.
Grieve not this Holy Ghoſt by entertaining
Such inmates, as he cannot bear;
If bands of luſts thine heart be training,
VVhat room for this ſvveet Spirit can be there?
Seek holineſs, ſeek peace, make after Union;
Let Meditation ſtir this fire;
Pray'r blovv it up; let ſvveet Communion
Maintain it burning ſtill, and raiſe it higher.
Quench not the ſmalleſt ſpark in thy vveak brother;
VVhat flames are on that hearth of thine
Boaſt not, nor yet deny, or ſmother.
Rather deſire thou for to burn, then ſhine.
Some care not for this Dove, had they his feather;
A ſorry bargin ſuch vvould make;
Over a vvhile ſuch ſhall have neither;
Seek thou the Spirits gifts for graces ſake.
'VVare ſinning againſt light and grace and love;
Knovv, ev'ry of thoſe ſins, that are done
Directly againſt this dear Dove,
Comes near to that, that never ſhall have pardon.

If we live in the Spirit, *let us walk in the* Spirit, Gal. 5. 25.

FAITH.

FRom thee, dear Dove, Yet ſtill in thine embraces,
To Faith, Hope, Love, That Trinity of Graces,
Novv let me paſs, and ſuccour ſo my Verſes,
That I may expreſs, vvhat my Muſe rehearſes.
Faith, I'le begin VVith thee; for thou vvaſt th' firſt,
VVhen bloody ſin Had made me all accurſt,
That ſhevv'd th' avenger poſting after me,
And bad me to ſome Refuge-City flee.
Some men vvould make Faith and Repentance ſtrive,
VVho ſhould place take; But, ſurely, Faiths the hive,
In vvhich that buſie Bee, repentance, makes
Tears drops, like honey from mans heart, like vvax.
For, vvho can grieve For that, vvhich they believe not?
VVho can believe Mans ſinfull ſtate, and grieve not?
I did believe the lavv, and ſo relented,
I did believe the Goſpell, and repented.
I did believe, That God made all things good;
And then did grieve, That I had brought a flood,
A flood of ſins, and ſo of miſeries
On all: this brought a deluge on mine eyes.
I did believe, That God took fleſh, loſt blood
So to relieve Me, and to drovvn ſins flood:
Then girt, like *Peter*, did begin to ſvvim
In a repentant Sea of tears to him.
Repentance lovvers, Yet (like ſad rainy dayes)
Bring fruits and flovv'rs And floods to vvaſh our vvayes,
Its Clouds bee'ng fill'd vvith, vvhat bright faith exhales,
But's dry as deſperation, vvhen faith fails.
Yet have I heard, That ſome repented not,
That aftervvard They might believe. This knot
Is ſoon untied; Firſt Faith lends tears and grief
Unto repentance, then an handkerchief;

Thus

Thus Faith precedes Repentance, yet comes after;
Followes, yet leads; As Mother and as Daughter:
As the bright Sun the brackish Sea doth round,
Encompassing Repentance Faith is found.

Faith, I would tell Thy story if I could,
Where thou dost dwell, Or what thou art, behold;
But thou art Faith, which sense can no more reach
Then death the Deity can praise, or preach.

I did ask at Heav'ns gate for thee, dear grace,
But was told, that There vision held thy place:
Then some infernal fiends said, they could shew thee,
But took thee for no grace, for they did rue thee.

I looked about On Earth to find thee there,
For there no, doubt, Thou dwelst, if any where;
And yet again th' unerring Scripture saith,
When Christ shall come, shall he on earth find Faith?

Surely not much; When he shall that day bring
Unto the touch Each one, that wears a ring,
All won't prove Gold that glisters, and is specious,
Nor feigned Faith be then approv'd as precious.

Oh! that I knew Thee, precious Faith; and could
Thy reall hue, Thy lustre, but unfold,
I should soon draw all eyes from him, that hath
Gold rings, to gaze on th' poor, when rich in Faith.

Alas! must take Thee for some pebble, they
Do nothing make To believe any way;
Only those few, that have thee, jealous are,
Their Faith is not the right, the right's so rare.

Thou'rt a rich stock, A Diadem brought forth
Only by th' rock Of ages, of such worth,
That, who hath thee, although he hath no more,
May well esteem the golden Indies poor.

By thee the just May live, when wants surround;
And so he must, When other things abound.
Faith makes the conscience good, and thats well drest,
Is a continual food, a constant feast.

Of the household Of Faith, I'm sure I've read;
And dare be bold, They want no household-bread;
Faith daily sets on the believers board
The Heav'nly bread of th' ever-living word.

Others look by Their trades to be maintain'd:
VVhy ſhould not I To be by faith ſuſtain'd?
Thou art the calling; man but miſapplies
To other trades the name of myſteries.
The myſtery Thou art; yet th' *Oedipus*
That doſt untye All doubts and knots for us.
Nothing is hard to thee: vvhere thou canſt not
Unriddle, thou'ſt a ſvvord to cut the knot.
Hovv blind vvere man But for thy piercing eye?
VVho nothing can, No, not himſelf, deſcrie.
Thy clue guides through both Labyrinth-like vvaies,
Of mine ovvn heart, and through the Scriptures maze.
I ſhould be ſet And pos'd at firſt and laſt
I'th' Alphabet, But that, dear Faith, thou haſt
Taught me to knovv my letters. VVho, but thou,
Could make me th' *Alpha* and *Omega* knovv?
Or to knovv him Aright? alas! my ſight
VVere dark and dim But for thine eyes, thy light,
VVho ſeeſt him, that is inviſible.
VVhat fleſh and blood perceives not, thou ſee'ſt vvell.
Pray'r 's a blind beggar, If it do vvant but thee:
It may be eager, But right it cannot bee.
Hope vvere an hopeleſs thing, but that thou doſt
Allovv it ſpend upon thy proper coſt.
Faith makes pray'r knovv, VVhere t' have its Ammunition,
And teacheth, hovv To level each petition.
Of clam'rous ſin, quick prayer, by Faith, gains cope,
And brings ſalvations tidings back to hope.
In pilgrimage I vvent to Calvery,
That biter ſtage, VVhere my dear Lord did dye;
VVhere miſſing him, I cry'd out, vvhere is he?
Faith vvhiſper'd to me, go along vvith me.
Faith brought me to A door, but it vvas lockt:
Faith bad me go And knock, and ſo I knockt;
Then th' door flevv open, and a Lamb did ſtand
Cry'ng: take both fleece and fleſh. But I h'd no hand.
But as my moan I made vvith tears and grief,
Faith lent me one, So I took the relief:
VVhich having got, I found that this believing
Both gives me Chriſt, and is of Chriſts ovvn giving.

But

But as I thought To h've carri'd home this gift,
A Croſs vvas brought, VVhich I vvas bad to lift,
Or leave the reſt; I try'd, but could not bear it:
Said Faith, I'le lend thee ſhoulders, do not fear it.
VVith much ado I got this bleſſed pack,
Chriſt and's Croſs too By Faith upon my back;
But could not go, nor ſtand, till Faith did meet
Me, juſt a ſinking, vvith a pair of feet.
Faith hav'ng nevv vampt My ſoul, I then could vvalk.
Reaſon's ſin-crampt; And 'tis but idle talk,
To ſpeak of marching in its ſtrength and might,
Till Faith lends reaſon legs and ſets it right.
VVe ſtand by Faith, Saith *Paul*; vve ſtand by reaſon,
VVhoever ſaith, I doubt me, doth ſpeak treaſon.
They ſhevv their reaſon beſt, that daily beg,
Lord, give us Faith, reaſon's a vvooden leg.
Faith makes me ſee, VVhat reaſon's aſking ſtill,
Hovv can it be? Let him take heed, that vvill
Believe no more, then he finds reaſon for,
Leſt he find reaſon, to believe no more.
VVhen Faith, as Queen, Makes reaſon vvait upon her,
Reaſon's then ſeen Look like a maid of honour;
But let that ſaucy Courtier 'vvare his head,
That crovvds the Queen into the truckle-bed.
In a fevv miles March, betvvixt this and Heaven,
I found ſome ſtiles Not fevv'r, then ſix, or ſeven,
That reaſon ſtumbling at; Faith, help me over,
Said I, till poor lame reaſon ſhall recover.
No ſooner ſaid I ſo, but Faith did lift,
Ev'n as I pray'd, Me over vvith my gift;
VVhich done, I fell aboard that ſacred fleſh,
That ſo I might my fainting ſoul refreſh.
Bee'ng cold and thin, The fleece I had receiv'd,
I vvent to ſpin And vveave; but as I vveav'd,
An enemy did caſt a fiery dart,
VVhich, but for th' ſhield of Faith, had kill'd my heart.
VVhere hadſt that fleece, Said Satan, thieviſh ſinner,
Of righteouſneſs That thou'rt be come a ſpinner?
I anſvver'd, falſe accuſer, not by thieving
Had I my Righteouſneſs, but by believing.

Belie-

Believing? vvhat Doth thou, poor fooliſh vvretch,
Tell me of that? Said Satan, go and fetch
Gods Lavv-Book, and thy Conſcience, Book, and ſay,
If thou canſt ſtand as righteous any vvay.
Malicious foe, Said I, ceaſe troubling me,
Or elſe let's go To ſuit i'th' Chancery.
Gods Common Lavv admits of mine appeales
To th' Lavv of Faith, that Righteouſneſs reveales.
But equity Requires thy debts be paid,
Said he; ſaid I, And ſatisfaction's made
By one, that left his Croſs, vvhen he vvas ſlain,
That I there vvith might thee, foul ſerpent! brain.
Then Satan flevv, Quitting the field. Anon
A numerous crevv, A *VVORLD* it vvas, came on,
Thronging ſo thick and threefold in upon me.
That, had not Faith preſt in, they had undone me,
Earth ſhevv'd her ſtrength, Her treaſures, pleaſures, pride;
Giddy at length Poor I began to ſlide,
Hold, Man! ſaid Faith, thou haſt a ſtaff by thee,
Chriſts Croſs can help thee ſtand, and force theſe flee.
But in this broil, E're I the Croſs could uſe,
I had a foil, And got an invvard bruiſe,
Conſcience ſpat blood, pain pierc'd and vvrung my ſide,
Till Faith ſome better blood like balm applyed.
Faith alſo bad A vein ſhould op'ned be,
Urging, I had Much putrid blood in me:
Content, ſaid I, for I had heard o'th' art
Of ſaving Faith to purifie the heart.
But leſt I ſhould In bleeding faint, Faith took
Some Cordials, roll'd In Bible-leaves, a Book,
VVhoſe ev'ry leaf, ſaid Faith, rich drugs contains,
As I compound them, ſov'raign for heart-pains.
Alas! ſaid I, Many thoſe drugs have got,
But to decry, Finding, they profit not;
But ſtrait remembred, vvhat the Scripture ſaith,
Th' vvord did not profit, be'ng unmix'd vvith Faith.
O povv'r full Faith! VVhoſe ev'ry ſmalleſt grain,
If ſound, vvoo hath, May ſay, and not in vain,
Mountains of guilt, that here ſo long have ſtood,
Get hence into the Sea of Saviours blood.

This

This ſkilfull grace Did firſt phlebotomize,
Then vvaſh the place, And after vvipe mine eyes.
Deare Faith! ſaid I, I ſee, that thou doſt mean
Not only for to make me vvhole, but clean.

As ſoon, as I VVas cur'd of this my pain,
Impetuouſly The VVorld comes on again:
I took Faith's Croſs, and found, vvhat Scripture ſaith:
Our victory over the vvorld's our Faith.

Vain VVorld, be gone, Said I, vex me no more,
Vexation And vanity's thy ſtore.
This *Jacobs*-ladder helps me to diſcrye
A ſurer ſvveeter VVorld beyond the ſkie.

By this dear Croſs, My deareſt Lord did climb;
I'le count thee loſs, That I may follovv him.
His and my Kingdom's not i'th' VVorlds enjoyment,
If 'tvvere, vvho knovvs, vvhere it vvould be next moment?

VVorld! thou muſt be Set one day all on fire,
VVitchcraft in thee, And blood deſerve this hire.
Then ſhall my duſt ſee by thy bright fire-light
To riſe that morning, that ſhall ne're have night.

VVe do but jeſt, Great *Alexanders* ſtory
Is beſt expreſt, VVhen vve ſay this VVorlds glory
Vanquiſh'd that ſeeming victor; ſure I am,
Nothing, but Faith, this vvorld e're overcame.

VVhen I begin To fight, and vvant ſupplies;
Faith ſummons in Heavens Auxiliaries;
And ſtores vvith precious promiſes, that are
The very ſinevvs of that holy vvar.

And, more then this, Brings in a rare Commander,
Jeſus it is, Not *Mars*, or *Alexander*:
But he, that taught all fingers fight, can quell
All foes, 'iv'n Chriſt i'th heart by faith doth dvvell.

Jeruſalem Above, that City is,
VVhere *Davids* ſtem Reigns and remains in bliſs;
Tet 'tis his royal pleaſure here in us
To dvvell by Faith, as in his Country-houſe.

Faith makes mans heart, That dark, lovv, ruin'd thing,
By its rare art A pallace for a King,
High 'r, then proud *Babels* tovv'r by many a ſtory:
By faith Chriſt dvvells in us, the hope of Glory.

Thus

Thus Faith doth raiſe Out of vile duſt a Court,
Imputing praiſe, Honour, and good report.
Hearts, *Rahab*-like, vvhen once they entertain
Heav'ns ſpies by Faith, a good report do gain.
If thou believe All things are poſſible:
Faith can relieve Ev'n to a miracle:
This Faith can vvaſh an *Æthiopian* clean,
VVitneſs the Eunuch of *Candace* the Queen.
And as Faith makes Us Courts, ſo Courtiers too;
God pleaſure takes In us, vvhen all, vve do,
Is done in Faith; then reck'ning, that he hath
Moſt glory by us, vvhen moſt ſtrong in Faith.
And as by this Our ſervice proves his pleaſure;
Ev'n ſo doth his Hereby be come our treaſure:
One day in Gods Court Faith doth far prefer
Before a thouſand any other vvhere.
'Tis unbelief I' th' evil evil heart,
His and my grief, That makes us ever part:
That Bleſſed Man, vvhoſe feet this Faith hath ſhod,
VVith *Noah* and *Enoch* ſtill can vvalk vvith God.
By Faith vvho ſtrives To vvalk vvith God, vvhilſt here,
Doth live tvvo lives At once each day o'th' year:
And dying, *Joſeph*-like, commands his bones
To *Canaan*, there to dvvell vvith living ones.
Dear Faith, ſaid I, My joy, my crovvn, my treaſure!
Tell me, vvhereby I may do thee a pleaſure?
Thou art that lock, in vvhich my ſtrength doth lye,
Thee not to tender, vvere ſelf-cruelty.
If thou vvouldſt pleaſe Me better, vvork me more;
Said Faith, 'tis eaſe Only, that makes me poore.
But I do uſe to bid my vvorkmen eat,
Said I; dear Faith inform me, vvhat's thy meat.
Said Faith: I came Out of the eaſtern lands,
Old *Abraham* And I have oft ſhook hands:
My food's an *Hebrew* root, that Gardners dreſſe
On Lords Dayes moſtly, call'd the *root of Jeſſe*.
By hearing I Came firſt; and vve are fed
Moſt kindly by The things, vvhereof vve're bred.
Forget not, if you love me, the Church-path;
Line upon Line's the vvay from Faith to Faith.

The

The carefull foot, That vvalks by Scripture *Leaves*,
Shall find this *Root*, VVhich, happy, vvho receives;
So nutritive, antidotive and good,
VVho feeds on it, needs ſcarce fear any food.
Make but my bread Of this root vvhen I ſup,
Let th' Dragous head Be then brake and ſerv'd up:
Tet Toad-ſtools, one vvould think, need be vvell dreſt,
E're they vvill make a good diſh for a feaſt.
Art I did gain Sometime, and that by book,
The Tempters brain To vvholeſomeneſs to cook.
Only have care, as ever thou doſt mean
To keep me long in health, to lodge me clean.
Good Conſcience is An old Camrade of mine,
VVhom I can't miſs; If thou vvouldſt make me thine,
And keep me, thou muſt keep him too; that day,
Thou partſt vvith him, look, I ſhould pack avvay.
Self-confidence, My nat'rall enemy,
Muſt be pack't hence. An hand, a foot, an eye
VVho hath of's ovvn, vvill ſcorn to be my debtour:
VVho parts vvith theſe, vvorks, vvalks and ſees the better.
Prove that thou art A Pilgrim; daily dye;
Of death get th' ſtart, And live eternally.
I, that in *Abrah'ms* heart dvvelt many a day,
To *Abrah'ms* boſome novv ſhevv thee the vvay.
Fear alvvayes; Tet Faint never; Eye the cloud,
That doth beſet Thee, that triumphant Croud;
Look unto Jeſus; vvatch th' vvord of command,
VVhich, vvhen thou haſt done all theſe things, is *Stand*.

By Grace ye are ſaved, trough Faith, Eph. 2. 8.



HOPE.

HOPE.

DRive on, my Muſe, till thou'rt got through;
Let not Hope find thee in a ſlough;
Let that, that drives the Farmers plough,
Drive thine much more.
To th' Hope of *Iſr'el* let me yet
In hope my running rhyme commit,
And humbly ſay, God proſper it;
Or 'tvvill be poor.
Hope is a door, the Scripture ſaith:
And ſo is Chriſt, and ſo is Faith;
VVho 're out of theſe doors, are in vvrath
And Condemnation.
Faith into Chriſt doth firſt advent're;
Chriſt into Hope allovvs me enter:
Hope makes my very Soul to center
On Gods Salvation.
Hope is Faiths expectation;
Faith is the *Moſes*, Hope's the ſtone,
That Faith in Pray'r doth reſt upon,
Till't over come.
Faith doth upon Hopes tip-toe ſtand,
Stretching its neck to look for land
Beyond deaths gulf; and life beyond
The day of doem.
Hope is next door to Heav'ns gate;
'Tis but a ſtep from this to that;
Nay, Hope doth Heaven antedate,
And bring dovvn hither.
Hope's th' antidote againſt deſpair;
Coffin of fear; and Couch of care;
Cradle of patience; Hope hath fair
Even in foul vveather;

Hope is the mourners Handkerchief;
Hope is the Balme of ev'ry grief:
Hope doth endorſe the beggars brief,
Ere it's collected.
In Hope I have, vvhat yet I vvant;
Hope makes me full, vvhile things are ſcant;
Hope doth conſummate, vvhat I can't
Tet ſee effected.

Hope hath an harveſt in the Spring;
In VVinter doth of Summer ſing;
Feeds on the fruits vvhilſt bloſſoming,
Tet nips no bloom.
Hope brings me home vvhen I'm abroad,
As ſoon as th' firſt ſtep homevvard's trod;
In Hope to thee, my God! my God!
I come, I come.

Hope ſends the Ship to Sea, and then
E're it returns, brings 't home agen;
The port of all Seafaring men
Is this *Good Hope*.
I am a Sea-man too. My Soul,
Though toſs'd vvith doubts, vvhen vveather's foul;
Doth like ſome Sea-ſick veſſell roul;
Tet Heav'n's its ſcope.

Hope doth the Souldiers vveapon vvield;
By Hope the Souldiers Helmet's ſteel'd;
Hope gives him, e're he fights, the field;
Hope holds his ſtation.
I am a Souldier too. My Svvord
Is that o'th' Spirit, th' tvvo-edg'd vvord;
Novv for an Helmet give me, Lord,
Th' hope of Salvation.

Hope ſets the poor Apprentice free
Firſt day, he's bound: And vvhy not me?
Thou haſt Indentures, Lord, by thee,
VVherein I'm tied:
Mount *Sinai's* Covenants they bee,
Tet hope doth, Lord, enfranchize mee
In *Sion*-hill, vvhere all are free,
That do reſide.

In hope the School-boy doth commence
Master of Art, and fair science;
Yea, vvhilst i'th' lovvest form, steps thence
To th' Doctors Chair.
I'm a School-schollar too, my God!
But yesterday I felt thy rod;
Tet still vvith hope am girt and shod.
Avvay, despair!

'Tis hope that doth the sovver feed;
VVho seems to cast avvay his seed,
But doth preserve in very deed
And mend his store.
I am a Seeds-man too, my Lord!
And, but for Hope, thou vvould'st afford
Thy blessing, vvhen I sovv thy vvord;
I had forbore.

I am a Seeds-man; every teare,
I sovv in Hope, vvill brin an eare,
Fit for thy floor in time of yeare
For thee to gather:
VVere't not for Hope the heart, some say,
VVould break; yet Hope led me one day
VVeeping along the Milkie vvay
To thee, O Father!

I am a Seeds-man, casting bread
On th' vvaters, vvhere it seems lye dead;
Tet Hope assures me 't shall be fed,
And then restor'd.
Hope doth the pris'ners bolts unlock:
His fetters doth in sunder knock:
Hope drives the Freemans trade and stock:
My dearest Lord!

I am a captive too. Sins chain
Doth hold and hamper, but in vain;
By Hope I'm saved, and set again
At liberty.
I am a Trades man too. Thou art
That God, vvith vvhom I deal. My heart
Takes Heav'n to be the only Mart,
Thither trade I;

Exporting groans and broken pray'rs,
That ſcarſe can clamber up the ſtairs;
Importing rich and precious vvares,
Ev'n joy and peace:
Joy, that exceeds all underſtanding,
O'th' Spirits ſealing, Chriſts ovvn handing:
Peace, that is of Gods ovvn commanding,
And can't ſurceaſe.

Hope makes the labourer to run
A race, as 'tvvere vvith each dayes Sun,
Paying his vvages, ere's vvork be done,
And mine much more.
I daily dig and delve vvithin,
Stubbing at th' roots and ſtumps of ſin,
And, but for Hope one day to vvin,
I ſhould give ore.

O come that long'd for day! come quickly!
This Hope, differ'd, makes my heart ſickly.
Grace is a Roſe, but ſin is prickly
And ſtill adheres.
Amphibion like the Diver tries,
VVhet ſharp vvith Hope, t' anatomize
And geld the deeps: his hop'd for prize
Forbids his fears.

I am a Diver too. Thy vvord
Doth richer rarities affoard:
A greater deep, and better ſtor'd
VVith Pearls and Treaſure:
Angels deſire to dive into
Theſe deeps; and ſo I deily do:
VVhoſe Pearls are rich and Cordial too;
Health, VVealth, and Pleaſure.

'Tis Hope, that makes the racer fleet,
Bringing the vvager to his feet,
Make haſt, ſaith Hope, vvhat? don't you ſee't?
Tou've vvon, you've vvon.
I am a racer too. My race
From ſin to Glory is by Grace;
Hope ſets Heav'ns Bliſs before my face,
And then I run:

I heard the vvitty vvorld once ſay:
The bird i'th' buſh may fly avvay:
Take Heav'n vvho vvill, 'tis preſent pay,
For vvich vve trade.
To Faith and Hope I told this ſtory;
Their havings are but tranſitory,
Said Faith: ſaid Hope, and I have Glory,
That cannot fade.
Haſt it? ſaid I; Hope, ſhevv it me.
VVhat's this, ſaid Hope, thou here doſt ſee?
Said I, an Acorn: No, ſaid he
But 'tis an Oake.
VVhat is't, ſaid Hope, thou ſee'ſt faſt by?
A grain of Muſtard-ſeed, ſaid I.
A plant, ſaid Hope, reaching the ſky;
And thou'dſt right ſpoke.
Then I perceiv'd the meaning vvas;
Hope ripens ſeeds of Grace to Grace:
Makes Grace, vvhen grounded, mount and paſs
To th' higheſt ſtory.
Hope ſhevv'd me then a ſparkling ſtone,
VVhat's this, ſaid Hope, that I've got on?
I ſtrait reply'd, 'tis Grace begun.
Said Hope, 'tis Glory.
Then learnt I, that Grace inchoate
By lively Hope doth maturate:
And, rip'ning, doth anticipate
Heav'n here on Earth.
I ſpake to Hope of a reverſion,
I had in Heaven, ſince converſion;
Said Hope, vvhy caſt you an aſperſion
On th' ſecond birth?
Reverſion ſounds, ſaip Hope, to mee
Your ſtate at preſent dead to bee;
But I have Heav'n in ſtand, you ſee,
VVhereon I live.
I am Faiths preſent recompence:
My Grammar knovvs no Future tenſe:
The Verbs, that make up all my ſenſe,
Are Subſtantive.

VVho

VVho 're theſe, ſaid Hope, thou ſeeſt before,
Proſtrate and begging at a door?
Said I, they are Heav'ns Pariſh Poor;
Said Hope, they're Kings.
Kings? ſaid I; But vvhere are their Crovvns?
Their Scepters, Kingdomes, Countries, Tovvns?
Their Ermine Robes and Purple Govvns,
Thoſe Royal things?
I can, ſaid Hope, tell vvhere they be:
Safely they are reſerv'd by me,
Safely reſerv'd from them and thee:
Look here are they.
All's lockt: Hope, lend's the Key, ſaid I.
Hope fetcht a Bible preſently:
On vvhich, vvhen I h'd but caſt mine eye,
I found a Key.
The right key 'tvvas o'th' door of Hope,
Enter, ſaid Faith, thou needſt not grope:
I torn'd the key, and th' door flevv ope,
And I vvent on.
But O the things, that there I ſavv!
Jevvels of joyes, in foiles of avve!
But blab not, Muſe! Knovv'ſt not the Lavv?
Peace, and have done.
'Tis not allovv'd thee to diſplay
The brightneſs of Hopes holy day.
Unutterable things to ſay,
Muſe, do not vent're.
Hope ſhevv'd me, but I can't ſay, vvhat,
Only let him, that queſtions that,
But get the key, that then I gat:
And let him enter.
Then let him ſay, If ever he
The like things unto thoſe, did ſee:
Or yet can utter, vvhat they bee,
That there he ſavv.
This only can I ſay, that there
Crovvns, Scepters, all enameld vvere
VVith Grace and Peace, vvith Faith and Fear,
VVith Love and Avve.

True Hope though pleaſant, yet is gracious;
Not light, though lightſome; Not audacious,
Though bold; though joyous, not ſalacious;
Merry, not vain.
Hope can rejoyce, but never rant:
Alvvayes feeds high, but revell can't;
Chaſt Scripture-comfort's that provant,
Doth Hope ſuſtain.

The vvord, vvhereon I hope, doth urge
Pureneſs; the fire, vvherein I forge
The Anchor of mine Hope, doth purge
My droſs, my tin.
That Hope makes not aſham'd, but ſure,
The bottom's rock, and ſhall endure;
That makes me ſtrive, as God is pure,
To purge my ſin.

True Hope's a *Jacobs* ſtaff indeed:
True Hope is no *Ægyptian* reed:
That ſprings from mire, or elſe can feed
On dirt, or mud.
By Hope juſt men and ſanctified
I'th' Ocean ſafe at Anchor ride,
Fearleſs of vvrack by vvind, or tide,
By ebb, or flood.

Hope's the top-vvindovv of that ark,
VVhere all Gods *Noahs* do imbark:
Hope lets in ſkie-light, elſe hovv dark
VVere ſuch a ſeaſon?
But vvouldſt not be engulf'd, or drovvn'd,
VVhen ſtorms and tempeſts gather round;
E're thou caſt Anchor, try the ground:
Hope muſt have reaſon.

Hopes Anchor-hold cannot be good,
VVhere th' bottom's all o'r only mud.
Shall th' Sinner in his Native blood
To Hope pretend?
Or th' Hypocrite ſtrengthen his maſt,
(VVho boldly doth Hopes Anchor caſt
On's ſandy bottom) vvhen at laſt
Heav'ns ſtorms deſcend?

'VVare Cob-vveb Hopes, vvhen God ſhall come
VVith's beſome of impartial doom
To ſvveep mans heart, that inner room,
Shall they ſtand ſure?
Oft have I ſeen a branch in ſpring
Rent from the root, yet bloſſoming,
As 'tvvere ſome Hopefull grovving thing,
But can't endure,
He, that is at the pains and coſt
To plant and vvater it, next froſt
Is like to ſee his labour loſt,
And hope to periſh:
Surely 'tvvill poſe all ſkill and art,
But onely his, that can convert
This *lively Hope* in a *dead Heart*
To plant and cheriſh.
And vvhere there's but a name to live,
Though for a ſeaſon Hope ſeems thrive,
VVhen ſuch give up the *Ghoſt*, they give
Their *Hopes* up too.
Good Hope's through Grace. And vvhoſoever
Part Righteouſneſs from Hope endeavour,
The Helmet from the Breſtplate ſever,
VVhich vvho vvould do?
But let, vvhat vvaters vvill, aſſaile,
The Hope o'th' righteous cannot faile,
VVhoſe Anchor's caſt vvithin the vaile,
Till th' flood aſſvvages.
His Hope's no Lott'ry, hit, or miſs;
But an Inheritance it is:
Chriſt is in him the Hope of Bliſs,
That rock of ages,
Mine eyes are unto *Sion*-hill
Longing in Hope, yet vvaiting ſtill
For he, that ſhall, vvill come, and vvill
Not alvvayes linger.
Therefore in Hope vvill I rejoyce,
Tea, vvhen the floods lift up their voice;
VVhen Seas ſhall roare, to drovvn their noiſe,
I'll turn a ſinger.

I'll turn a ſinger, and my ſong
Shall be by book, leſt I go vvrong:
For I h've not ſkill'd of muſick ſong,
Or holy mirth.
VVeeping into the vvorld I came,
Bringing a vvorld of ſin and ſhame:
Bearing the firſt Apoſtates blame
Ev'n at my birth.
The fruit, old *Adam* and his *Eve*
Did ſo long ſince together thieve,
VVringing my mother made us grieve
And groan together:
And as I thus did vveeping come
Out of one grave, I mean the vvomb,
My face vvas tovv'rds a deader Tomb
And I bound thither.
My life vvas but a Bondage, through
The fear of death, that fatal ſlough.
But lively Hope forbids me novv
All ſlaviſh fears.
Oft have I been contemplating
Of death, that melancholick thing;
VVeeping, till Hope hath made me ſing,
Drying my tears.
Author and rock of all my Hope!
That haſt deaths priſon-doors broke ope,
So faſtning to Faiths Cable-rope
Hopes Anchor ſtrong.
VVhat, though I ſail through foaming Seas?
Billovvs are Pillovvs, Beds of eaſe:
Deaths blaſt rocks me aſleep in theſe;
VVaiting e're long
At thy ſhrill ſuddain voice to riſe,
And rub deaths duſt out of mine eyes,
VVhen death ſhall have diſgorg'd its prize
Safe on the ſhore.
Then hold my rudder in thine hand,
VVho put to Sea at thy command,
Till I may make ſome nevv-found land:
Oh! help me o're.

I need

I need not vvant an Anchor, Lord,
VVith vvood and iron, bee'ng ſo ſtor'd,
VVith vvhat thy Croſs and Nailes affoard,
Had I but ſkill,
Anchors, I ſee, by th' Forgers Art,
Have both a ſtrait and bending part;
Hope ſtrengthens, yet it bovvs the heart
To vvait Gods vvill.

The Scripture ſaith, that tribulation,
(And 'tis a ſtrange Concatenation)
VVorks patience; as if vexation
Did make more quiet;
And Patience vvorks Experience:
Experience, Hope: yet Patience,
I'm ſure, doth live on Hopes expenſe
For daily diet.

Thus have I ſeen the Grand-Childs purſe
For the Grand-Siers ſupport diſburſe,
Thus Hope doth Patience feed and nurſe;
Patience again
Doth tutor Hope, and teach it knovv
All points of Heavenly Courtſhip: Hovv
To vvait on God, to bend, to bovv,
To bear his train.

To follovv him in all his vvayes,
And ſo to hold ev'n all its dayes,
Seeking that Honour, Glory, Praiſe,
That God ſhall give.
Patience of Hope makes Heaven ſmile
To ſee the troden Camomile,
VVhilſt underfoot, ſpring up the vvhile
And the more thrive.

VVhen death comes vvith his leaden foot,
Hoping to cruſh mine Hope i'th' root,
The utmoſt hurt, that death can do't,
Is but to make
Mine Hope grovv up into fruition;
VVhileſt Faith's tranſlated into viſion,
Mending thereby my ſouls condition,
Doubling my ſtake.

VVhat, though mine Haven, Heaven lye
Beyond the dead Sea? vvhat, though I
Deceaſe? mine Hope ſhall never dye,
Never decay.
VVhat, though I vvalk through th' vale of tears?
Hope is a ſtaff, that ever bears;
Hope is a rod, chaſing my fears,
Guiding my vvay.

VVhat, though revengefull Papiſts burne
Dear *Bucers* bones, ſtill Hope's his urne,
Till's aſhes to a Phœnix turne,
And live afreſh.
VVhat, though deaths ſcorching flames preſume
To turn my moiſture to dry fume?
My ſoul ſhall one day reaſſume
Calcined fleſh.

Therefore my dying tongue ſhall ſing:
Yet, ev'n my fleſh, that fading thing,
Shall reſt in Hope for that day-ſpring
All th' night of death.
And vvhen I lay my vveary head
And bones i'th' grave, as in a bed,
Let not the mourner ſay, he's dead,
But ſlumbereth.

Yet bonie death ſometimes looks in,
Bringing a liſt of all my ſin,
Pinching mine Hope, till it looks thin,
And's like to dye:
Death in my very face doth ſtare
So gaſtly, as if't meant to ſcare
And fright mine Hope into deſpaire,
VVhile ſin ſtands by.

Ah Conſcience! Conſcience! vvhen I look
Into thy Regiſter, thy Book,
VVhat corner of my heart, vvhat nook
Stands clear of ſin?
And though my ſkin feels ſoft and ſleek,

Scarce

Scarce can I touch my chin and cheek,
But I can feel deaths javv-bone prick
Ev'n through my ſkin.

Tet, vvhy art thus caſt dovvn, my ſoul?
Hope ſtill in God, and on him roule,
If Heaven ſmile, vvhat though death ſcoule,
And Conſcience loure.
A Book of my dear Chriſts I have,
By vvhich I look, my God vvill ſave
My ſoul from ſin, my fleſh from grave
And from deaths povv'r.

O death! vvhere is thy victory?
That I might live, my Lord did dye;
He fled thee not, but made thee flie,
Hav'ng dravvn thy ſting.
Thou hadſt of teeth a double rovv,
Till Chriſt by's Croſs took thee a blovv,
VVhen faſtning on him. But thou'rt novv
A tooth-leſs thing.

VVell maiſt thou bark, but canſt not bite,
Bending thy brovv, ſhevving thy ſpight:
Death do thy vvorſt? Hope ſets me quite
Beyond thy ſpleen.
VVhat, though my death ſeems vvritten in
The very parchment of my ſkin
VVith the black ink of my foul ſin;
Tet have I ſeen:

On both hands of a friend, once ſlain,
But ſince return'd to life again,
A better ſtory printed plain:
My ſights but dim;
Tet in the print o'th' nailes I ſee
Life in a Saviours hands for mee,
VVhilſt, as he hung upon the tree,
Hope hangs on him.

And ſtill ſhall hang on him, untill
My bones have learn to climbe that hill,
VVhere novv he ſits, and vvhence he vvill

Tet

Tet come dovvn hither,
That he may gather into one
Each duſt of his and ſcatt'red bone;
Then ſhall he, as a living ſtone,
Tranſlate me thither.

And novv, my Lord, vvhat vvait I for,
Standing and knocking at thy door?
I ſtand and knock at th' door of Hope,
Till knocking makes the door ſtand ope.

VVe are ſaved by Hope, *but Hope, that is ſeen, is not Hope*, Rom. 8. 24.



LOVE.

LOVE.

FRom Faith and Hope I come ſvveet *Love* to ſing,
For ev'ry Anchor hath its ring,
VVhereby 'tis vvedded to its Cable-Rope.
Love makes the match 'tvvixt Faith and Hope.
'Tvvixt Grace and Grace no marriage can be made,
But vvhere this golden ring's firſt had.
O golden Love, thou circling endleſs thing!
All grace concenters in thy ring.
VVhat, though mine heart be flinty rock and ſtone?
Yet flints have fire: And have I none?
No ſpark of Love, thou God of Love! for thee,
That haſt tvvice over-hammerd me?
There's not one ſpark kindled upon mine hearth,
But at firſt glance it quits the earth,
As if it knevv the element of fire
VVere ſome diviner thing and high'r.
Lord, I can feel, there's ſuch a thing as Love
VVarm in my breaſt, and feel it move;
I find, I love my Child, and ſo doth he:
And ſhall I not, my God! love thee?
Is love the only fire, that doth deſcend?
Or is my God, my God, no friend?
Sure, all my doubts and fears cannot diſprove
The condeſcenſion of thy Love.
The Elements, vve find, invert their courſe,
Fearing, a *Vacuum* vvould be vvorſe;
And did not Love ſtoop lovv, vvhen God did dye,
To fill up mans vacuity?
Reader! ſtop here, And drop a tear!
VVhen Love, that ev'ry Ev'ning makes my bed,
Had not, vvhereon to lay his head:
Except, you'l call that bloody Croſs and bitter
A love-ſick Saviours bed and litter.

VVhen

VVhen Love it ſelf, being as rich as ſtore,
To make me rich did become poor;
Unleſs, thoſe tears and bloody drops, that fall,
Tou'l Pearls account and rubies call.
And can the flaming Element of Love,
To ſtore my vvants, drop from above?
VVhy can't mine Earth as vvell to Heaven grovv,
As Heav'ns Love-fire come dovvn ſo lovv?
VVhy may I not, *Elijah*-like, aſpire
To ride to Heaven in that fire,
That fire of Love, that came from thence dovvn hither,
On purpoſe, ſure, to help me thither.
VVhen Love to hatred did himſelf expoſe,
And prick's ovvn foot to eaſe his foes;
Printing full proof in his chapt parched ſkin,
VVhat flames of Love there vvere vvithin.
VVhen Love unthought, unſought for, did come dovvn
Exchanging, for a Croſs, his Crovvn,
Love undeſir'd, Love undeſerv'd did take
Mans game to play, to ſave mans ſtake.
VVhileſt flames of vvrath ſo ſorely did conteſt
VVith this Love-fire in Saviours breaſt,
Heightning the heat ſo far, till's blood boyl'd ore,
Iſſuing out at ev'ry pore,
Lord! can the eye, That reads, be dry?
Ah! if it can; let not the vvriters be:
No tears of Love, my God! for thee?
Lord! could Love make thee take my ſins, as thine?
Sure then thy ſorrovvs ſhall be mine.
The ſtripes that rent thy back ſhall ſmite and knock
My breaſt, till they have cleft my rock.
The ir'n, that in thy hands left ſuch a print,
Shall ſtrike ſome fire out of my flint.
Shall I not love that friend, that lov'd me ſo,
So lov'd me, vvhen I vvas his foe?
Lord! let not vvant of Love encreaſe my ſcore!
My debts vvere great enough before.
Make me thy Love ſo burning hot to feel,
As to diſſolve and melt my ſteel:

And

And burn my ſtony heart to fervent lime,
As I h've ſeen fire turn ſtone ſometime.
My heart is thine; Lord thou haſt bought that ſtone,
And thou haſt fevvel of thine ovvn;
VVil't not quit coſt? great builder! if it vvill,
O throvv mine heart into thy kill.
Lime is an uſefull thing in building ſure:
And lime of ſtone vvill beſt endure:
Knovvledge puffs up, but Love is *edifying*,
And grovvs the ſtronger by long lying.
Oh that I had that lime of Love, that is
(As by *Antiperiſtaſis*)
Hotter for vvater! I vvould often then
VVeep, till I even flam'd agen;
But novv I mourn, That I can't burn.
Can't burn? Alas! my God, I'm burning ever:
But oh! my burning is a Fever.
Such *hectick heat* doth too too plainly prove,
That I am but *infirm* in Love.
Lord, doſt not ſee, hovv Gyants do invade
Thy right? my God, confound their trade,
VVho uſing luſt for lime, by helliſh art,
VVould rebuild *Babel* in my heart.
'Tis not ſo long my God and Saviour ſince
Thou didſt expell th' uſurping Prince,
Raſing his vvorks and ſtrong-holds built vvithin
VVith lime of luſt and piles of ſin.
Can I love ſin, that hatefull cruel thing,
That grinds the Serpents forked ſting;
Shevv'ng death, hovv tvvice at once to murther me?
And can I not, my God, love thee?
Can I love ſin, that puts me on the vvrack,
Till bones do break and ſinevvs crack;
And can I not love him, that climb'd the tree,
VVracking himſelf to take dovvn me?
Can I love ſin, ſince hatred ne're had bin,
Never bin heard of, but for ſin?
And can I not love *LOVE*, that came to dye,
To kill hatred and enmity?

Love ſin, that founded Hell at's ovvn expence?
And not my God, that ſaves me thence?
Alas! hovv ſtrangely Love its mark can miſs!
Oh! that mine head and heart for this
VVere both one flood Of tears of blood!
Or can mine heart, like *Joſephs* Miſtriſs, make
Love to the Servant? and miſtake
Theſe things belovv for my dear God above,
To vvhom I ovve ev'n all my Love?
And then, vvhen theſe chaſt Creature-comforts flie
Rather, then yield, or gratifie,
Can I complain unto my Lord, and ſay,
That they did tempt, then flie avvay?
Alas! poor Creatures vvould not be abuſed;
And muſt they yet be thus accuſed;
And God in them? and, that I may be found
Guiltleſs, muſt guilt reach God at th' bound?
Thou gav'ſt me theſe to prove thy Love to me,
But not to ſteal my Love from thee;
I cannot love the giver, for his gift;
Alas! my God, that's a poor ſhift.
VVhy? ſhall I court the Bearer, that doth bring,
Forgetting him, that ſends, the ring?
All Creature-good in this vvorld or the next
Be'ng but a comment on Loves Text.
This vvhole Creation be'ng but one round drop,
Hanging dovvn from loves fingers top,
If all the vvorld vvere Pearl, yet vvhy ſhould I
Deſire to vvear it in mine eye?
So, that for this vvorlds Love I ſhould not ſee,
My deareſt Lord, hovv to love thee?
Can I ſo love the vvorld? And can't I yet
Love God, that made both me, and it?
Lord, I muſt cry, Here's VVitchery!
If the vvorld be th' inchantreſs, Lord, I pray,
Haſten the Gen'rall Judgment-day!
For, ſure, my Love, vvhen't ſees thee vvitch a burning,
To its right vvits vvill be returning.
But rather, I ſuſpect, 'tis Hells black art
That from my God thus charms my heart:

Remem-

Remembring 'twas the wilie Serpents plot,
That firſt brake the True-Lovers-Knot.
VVhen *Baalams* Divinations could not move
From Gods dear *Iſrael* Gods dear Love,
But God, that lov'd them once, would love them ſtill,
Though *Balaam* went from mount to hill;
He next inſtructs the *Moabites* to lay
Adult'rous Loves in *Iſr'els* way,
To quench their Love to God through wanton fire,
And thereby to incenſe Gods ire.
And if this world play the *Moabiteſs*;
'Tis Satans project, Lord, I gueſs;
VVho, ſee'ng he can't divert thy Love from mee,
VVould thus divide my Love from thee.
And, is mine heart devided? ah! my God,
VVhoſe cloven foot thereon hath trod,
The print diſcovers. VVhat, though *Balaam's* dead?
Thou God of peace! bruiſe Satans head.
But I am moſt affraid, the worſt's within;
The with-craft of my native ſin.
Sin winds and circles; Lord, ſo many wayes,
Till ſin oft-times the Devil raiſe:
Lord! thou art fire, Give ſin her hire:
Burn up this witch, her crafts, and Philtre-pots;
Sins books of curious arts, charms, knots
By thy refining Spirit, that I may
Get warmth of Love to thee that way.
VVho hath bewitch'd me, that I am ſo coy,
VVhen thou wouldſt fain my Love enjoy;
Thou, bleſſed Three, ſtand'ſt ſuing for mine heart,
VVho only canſt fill every part?
Dear God! who hath bewitch'd me, that I can't
Deny the courting world a grant,
That never yet could fill my heart, unleſs
It were with griping emptineſs?
The garment of thy goodneſs is entire,
Can keep me warm without a fire;
To which this whole Creation's but a ſhred,
Each Creature's but one ſingle thred.

To give theſe things their due, they're good for uſes
And lovely too: unleſs their juice
By Love inordinate be dryed up,
Leaving behind an empty cup.
And is Gold rich? and can the *mine* be poor?
Theirs at the beſt is borrovv'd ſtore:
Nay, ſo long borrovv'd, that it novv grovvs old:
O that my Love could vvax as cold.
As cold to Earth, as Earth is in decay;
But more intenſe to God each day!
VVho'll ſoon ſerve earth for all its glitt'ring grace,
As vve do ſerve old Silver-lace:
Lord! fire this pile. Of man mean vvhile.
I h've heard good huſbands ſay, that they, that borrovv
Their ſtock to day, may break to morrovv;
Sure, the vvorlds credit cannot long hold good:
'Tis much, the vvorld thus long hath ſtood.
Conſid'ring, vvhen the vvorld's in fulleſt trade,
Hovv poor and ſorry payment's made
Him, that ovves all, and muſt his right recover;
Sure, th' vvorld muſt then all trade give over;
Shall I not therefore deal i'th' interim
Leſs vvith the vvorld, but more vvith him,
VVith him, vvhoſe Love's an unexhauſted ſpring
Of ev'ry good and perfect thing?
Methinks, mens trading vvith the vvorld might ſtop
At thought of this, vvho keeps her ſhop.
Alas! my God, the vvorld is Devill-ridden;
The thing is knovvn, and can't be hidden.
Hell hath deflour'd the earth, and novv, I ſee,
'Tvvould put its leavings off to me,
Davvbing falſe paint on th' face o'th' vvrinkled creature,
Hav'ng vvorn and ſpoil'd its native feature.
The Earth's all *Ægypt* novv: And *Ægypts* curſe
Is over all the vvorld, or vvorſe:
For *Beelzebub* vvith his ſvvarming train
Hath all things flie-blovvn. To be plain,
There is not fleſh, that's ſvveet, but Saviours, novv,
VVhich Satan try'd; but knevv not hovv.

To taint. All's dogs-meat elſe. Lord! teach me chuſe,
And I ſhall all the reſt refuſe,
And only vviſh For that one diſh.
A diſh, that's vvholeſome, and 'tis healing too.
Ah my dear God! vvhat ſhall I do
To Love thy fleſh enough, that, taſted once,
For ever heals my broken bones.
Set thine apart, all other fleſh is graſs:
And is my ſoul an Oxe, or Aſs?
That it ſhould love no higher, then my beaſt?
Or can my ſoul ſuch fare digeſt?
Come, Trencher-criticks, you, that eat by book,
And in your food for phyſick look,
Tour Cook muſt be ſome ſmall Apothecarie,
VVill you allovv a Verſer varie
From your received rules? and be content
To try a nevv experiment?
Fleſh in a feaver's good Divinity,
VVhich, vvho moſt eats, ſcapes beſt, ſay I:
Provided, that the fleſh be ſound and good,
(For I vvould be right underſtood)
As never did, nor could, corruption ſee:
Ah my dear Saviour! I mean thee.
Alas! hovv long in an high burning Feaver
Of Gods diſpleaſure, never, never
To have been cured othervviſe, did ſin
Once bring me, till I did begin.
To fall aboard that ſacred fleſh? And then
Hovv ſoon did I grovv vvell again?
Then vvelcome, gentle gueſt, if thou haſt noe
To prize and love thine health forgot,
Come, ſit dovvn here, And love this Chear.
Or tell me, is it ſvveetneſs and delight,
That rather doth thy Love invite?
VVhat more delicious, ſvveeter thing can be
Than that ſvveet blood, vvas ſhed for me?
VVhen I Repentance take, that purging pill,
I take it in this Syrup ſtill:
VVhat purgeth, pains; and vvould too much corrode
But for this ſvveet emulgent blood.

You curious Palates, that can't let one glaſs
VVithout a ſtrict Examen paſs,
Come taſt, and tell me if (this blood) this vvine
Be n't generous and genuine?
The Vine is Divine, nay 'tis ſome vvhat more;
And can the blood o'th' Grape be poor?
'Tis this High-Country-VVine that fills my cup,
VVhen at my Saviours board I ſup.
VVine, that's as ſvveet, as vvrath of God is bitter,
VVhich vvho hath taſted, is the fitter
To reliſh this rich liquor. VVrath makes dry,
But here's the cup of Charity.
This is the grace-cup. Nothing's ſvveet, nor good,
Till daſh't or ſprinkled vvith this blood.
Men are but Svvine, vvines are but ſvvill, before
This bloud man to himſelf reſtore.
A VVine ſo good, falln *Angels* might not taſt it;
VVho therefore did contrive to caſt it
Upon the ground; vvhich, vvhen they thought to ſpill,
They broach'd for man againſt their vvill.
Lord! vvho can love Thy blood enough?
Or do you love for Lovelineſs? Come hither;
My Lord is lovely altogether.
Alas! hovv am'rous vvits forget their duty
To this ſupream and perfect beauty!
You fond admirers of a ſkin-deep hue!
To duſty beauties bid adieu,
To duſty beauties, that have marr'd your eyes;
Ah my dear God! that vvit vvere vviſe!
It cuts mine heart to ſee much ſilken vvit
And ſnares and halters made of it:
Halters to th' ovvners, ſnares to th' paſſers by.
Hovv faſt *looſe* vvit can vvantons tye
And ſtake them dovvn! till firſt the lover burns
In heart, and then in Hell, by turns.
But ſay, his Love be chaſte; and ſhee a flovv'r;
All's next to nothing the next hour:
'Tis kill'd vvith kindneſs, dies, vvhen complemented,
And ſooneſt fades, vvhen 'tis moſt ſented.

VVhoſe

VVhoſe Muſe doth dreſs his Miſtriſs, hangs a Verſe
To day upon to morrovvs Herſe;
Friends muſt be then call'd in, to have avvay,
VVhat vvanton vvit adores to day.
Skin-beauty's but a *Sodom*-apple juſt;
VVhen cruſht, it turns to ſtench and duſt.
The vvanton vvorld complains their *Love* is *blind*,
And I muſt needs be of their mind;
VVhilſt for ſuch vvalking ſhades they cannot ſee,
My deareſt Lord, hovv to love thee,
Tet thou art faire Beyond compare.
Had I a vvit, and had I grace, I'd bring
My Saviour an enamel'd ring,
A ring, vvhoſe Poſie ſhould be this alone:
Stars get ye gone, the Sun hath ſhone.
Stars? I mean glovv-vvorms; earthen beauties, vvhich
I'th' dark do ſparkle in a ditch,
And fools miſtake for *Stars*; till touch informs
And proves them to be *fillie worms*.
But, Lord, my Muſe unvvorthy is to bear
The ſhoes, that thy fair feet do vvear,
Fairer, for bee'ng ſo ſvviſt, ſvviſt, to ſhed blood;
Their own, I mean, to do me good.
Hovv fair's thy face then? may I, Lord, one day
Have leave to ſee't, though none can ſay,
Hovv fair it is. My dear, the Sun's a Clod
To thy bright face, fair Son of God!
VVherein ſtill freſh and freſh together grovves
VVith Vallies Lillie, *Sharons* Roſe,
A Roſe, that ne'r bare prickles of its ovvn;
Tet ſinners thorns did Saviour crovvn.
And ſhall I love my Champion leſs for ſcars,
He gat in vvaging of my vvars?
Thy bruiſes are but beauty-ſpots, my dear,
That make thy Love more fair appear.
VVho loves for fleſhly gloſs and ſilken ſkin,
May find a *Serpent* oft *within*.
But thy deep vvounds, Lord, prove thee, that thou art
All-lovely to thy very heart.
Beauty, thus deep, VVill hold and keep,

Or is it Knovvledge, Learning, Science, Art,
That takes the more ingenious heart?
Come, bookiſh man, and ſit a vvhile dovvn here;
Till thou haſt read my deareſt dear.
VVhat's that, that's printed in his hands and feet?
The print is plain, man, doſt not ſee't?
A myſtery, that learned fleſh and blood
Never taught yet, nor underſtood.
I h've ſometime ſtood and vvondred at the Ovvles,
Hovv they ſhould prove *Minerva's* Fovvles:
But ſince have learnt, that learning's blind, as Love,
Till both be tutour'd from above.
Oh vvhat a Dungeon is the mind of man,
Let *Pallas* paint it, vvhat ſhe can!
Some vvould not be ſuch fools, but that they're vviſe,
And might ſee better, but for eyes.
Lord, ſhall I love to knovv, and not knovv thee,
In vvhom all VViſdoms treaſures bee?
Great Magazine! vvhoſe vviſdom's infinite,
Give me that Panoplie of light.
An *Epictetus*, or an *Antonine*
I'th' dark may make a ſhift to ſhine;
But being by thy Sun-light underſtood,
Alas, my God, prove putrid vvood.
Shall ventrous Students ev'ry Toads-head look
For Pearls of knovvledge? And thy book,
Thy vvorks lye by unlov'd, unlook'd into?
Thy pupills, th' Angels, don't ſo do:
But help their ſight By Goſpel-light.
Or do I love for likeneſs? Ah, my dear,
VVhoſe Image vvas't, I firſt did bear?
VVhilſt yet I ſtood in primitive perfection,
Lord, vvhat vvas I, but thy reflexion?
So like thee, that thy ſelf thou couldſt not love,
But love me too: Nor could I move
Thy Love from me, till I thy likeneſs loſt,
Thine Image bee'ng ſin-ſlur'd and croſt.
But novv I'm hatefull grovvn and hating too,
Alas, my God! vvhat ſhall I do

To

To love thee and to be belov'd of thee?
My Lord, thy Love preventeth mee.
For since the ground of liking Likeneſs is,
Rather, then my poor Love thou'dſt miſs;
Since curſed ſin made man unlike his maker,
Goſt of mans likeneſs vvas partaker.
VVhen ſin, to mans undoing, had undone
Gods Image; God next ſent his Son
In likeneſs of poor ſinfull fleſh, thereby
Condemning ſin i'th' fleſh to dye:
My God vvas hungry, thirſty, naked, poor;
In fears, in tears, in ſvveat, in gore;
VVas tempted, vvas betray'd, forſaken, ſold,
VVas captivated, kept in hold,
VVas judg'd, vvas kill'd, vvas buri'd, then,
That he and I might riſe agen
In one divine and ſvveet ſimilitude,
And Love in Likeneſs be renevv'd.
And can I yet Thy Love forget?
Or do I love for Conſanguinity?
For nearneſs and relation? vvhy?
For me Chriſt took, and ſhed that *Blood* of his;
And do I aſk, hovv *near* he is?
My Lord is much more mine, then I mine ovvn:
My Lord vvas mine, vvhen I vvas none:
My Lord, vvhen I vvas loſt and gone aſtray,
VVas both my Shepheard and my vvay.
Surely my Lord and I am near akin,
E're ſince my Saviour vvas made *Sin*
For me, and I made *Righteouſneſs* in him.
He is my head and I a limb:
He is the Vine, and I the branch: the rout,
VVhereof I am aſlip or ſhoot:
Of my ſalvation he the captain is,
And I am a reprize of his.
He is my Father, I his ſeed: nay he
In travaile of his ſoul bare mee:
My brother too, born for adverſity;
The *Joſeph* of the family.

He is my Maker, yet mine husband too;
This Potter me, his clay, did vvooe:
And rather, then he'd miss the match, did make
Him a *clay-body* for my sake.
Ev'n all men love *their own*, and shall I not?
Help, Lord, and I vvill knit the knot,
In full acceptance of thy free donation
Clasp hearts and hands in svveet relation:
Lord, thou art mine, Make me more thine!
Or do I love for suitable Supplies
To all my vvants? sure, I vvant eyes,
Or I could not vvant Love, my Lord, to thee,
In vvhom all blessings treasur'd bee.
O that my drop into a Sea could svvell
Of Love to him, in vvhom doth dvvell
All fullness, as in bank or house of store,
Ev'n Grace and Bliss for evermore!
Thine bee'ng once asked, if they vvould avvay,
O whither shall we go? said they,
The words of life eternall, Lord, thou hast,
And that's a stock, can never vvast.
Goodness is all contracted in thy face,
As Sun-beams in a burning-glass;
Oh that I lay in some directer line,
That I might burn, vvhilst thou dost shine!
Am I a sinner? thou'rt a propitiation:
I h've vvrought confusion, thou salvation:
I h've purchas'd death, both for my self, and thee;
But thou to life hast ransom'd mee.
As God, thou *seest*; as man, thou *feel'st* my grief;
As *both*, thou'rt suitable relief;
My Creditour, and yet my Surety too;
Paying and *pard'ning* vvhat I ovve.
Creatures are Cisterns, leaking vessels, they
Cannot supply themselves one day,
And me much less. My springs are all above,
My light, my life; VVhy not my Love?
Oh 'tis thy right: Accept my mite.
Or is it Love, that sharpens Love again?
My Saviour, every grinding pain

Of thine on Earth, and preſent Intercеſſion
Pleads for a Love beyond expreſſion.
'Tis Love, I live upon. And do I yet
Suſpect thy Love, or queſtion it?
Lord, if my living be n't full proof, thy dying
Gives evidence beyond denying.
Herein is Love vvithout diſſimulation,
Thy Love thou proveſt by thy *Paſſion*,
VVhoſe every vvound vvith open mouth cries out,
VVe are Loves Vouchers, if you doubt.
VVhen Heav'nly Hoaſts firſt ſavv thee breath, if then
They run and preach good vvill tovv'rds men,
If thus they comment on thine Infant-breath,
My God! vvhat thought they of they death!
Oh! hovv he lov'd him? if, vvho ſavv the ſhed
Tears for they friend *Laz'rus*, bee'ng dead
Cryed out; VVhat might they've ſaid, that ſavv the dye,
Bleedling for me, thine enemy?
And dare I, can I yet renevv that grief,
Doubting thy Love, through unbelief?
If I but ſay, I love, hovv doth it grieve me,
If yet my Friend vvill not believe me.
And dare I yet ſuſpect the God of Love,
VVho ſayes, vvho ſvvears, vvho dies, to prove
He loves me! Shall I fail in proof of mine,
And then, to make amends, doubt thine,
Doubling thereby Each injury?
I find, I feel, I ſee, and can't I ſay,
He loves me? Doubts out of my vvay:
Doubtings, by demonſtrations overcome,
Sure then, if ever, may be dumb.
Or, if I needs muſt doubt and jealous bee,
Lord, Ile ſuſpect my ſelf, not thee.
My ſoul! lov'ſt thou thy Lord? ſay yea, or nay,
My God, I'm gravell'd vvhat to ſay.
Tet vvill I hold mine heart to th' Scrutiny,
Till it affirm, or elſe deny.
Deny? my God! I dare not, nay, I can not,
And yet, methinks, affirm I may not.

O that I could. This onely can I ſay,
Dear Lord, that I cannot ſay nay.
Thoughts in again! (Love's no ſuch neutral thing)
Tou muſt a certain *Verdict* bring.
Only be ſure, for 'tis your ovvn behoof,
Tour Verdict ſtands on certain proof.
Alas! my thoughts can never ſolve this doubt,
Unleſs thy Love, Lord, help me out.
My God, vvhat crouds of vvitneſſes ſeem ſtrive,
To be depos'd o'th' Negative?
My ſeldome thoughts of thee, my cold devotions,
Heartleſs profeſſion, lifeleſs motions;
My vvanton Daliance vvith the vvorld and ſin!
My vvant of kindneſs to thy kin;
My little longing vvhen thou'rt out of ſight
Or lab'ring to regain the light,
I ſigh, to ſay, Hovv theſe plead *Nay*.
Theſe? ah my God! and many more, than theſe;
My little little care, to pleaſe;
Or fear of grieving thee, my vvant of leiſure
For thee; and in thee vvant of pleaſure.
My numbe lethargick zeal, vvhen men defame
Thy Saints, thy vvorſhip, vvayes, or name,
Hovv ſay I, that I Love thee, vvhen mine heart
So poorly playes the Lovers part?
My Love commands mine eye, mine hand, my purſe;
Can I love thee, yet ſerve thee vvorſe?
Or muſt my friend of all friends be deny'd,
VVhat I yield 't all, I love beſide?
Alas! my Lord! ſuch proof had almoſt got
A Verdict paſt, I love thee not;
But, that one vvitneſs came and croſt the reſt,
Stifling that Verdict in my breaſt.
Tet t'vvas not much, that vvitneſs had to ſay,
But, ſorely vveeping, cry'd, I pray,
If't be, as you pretend, that there's no fire,
VVhence is this *ſmoaking flax*-deſire?
My Jeſus! thou'rt my Judge, the Judge of all,
To vvhom my Love muſt ſtand, or fall:

Thou,

Thou, that knovvſt all things, knovvſt, that I abhor
My ſelf for loving thee no more.
My Dear! I h've ſometime long'd, and do I not
Long yet, that thou vvouldſt looſe one knot,
To tye another? vvhat's this life to me,
If I muſt ſtill be ſtrange to thee?
To love is life, Elſe life's but ſtrife.
Oh that I vvere a Graduat in that Colledge,
VVhere Love is kovvn that paſſeth knovvledge;
VVhere ſmiling Saints do comprehend and dyvell
In Love incomprehenſible!
VVhere perfect Love caſts out tormenting fear;
Nor *theirs*, nor *thine*, is doubted there:
VVhere full-eyed Love may ſee to interline
Thy text vvith ſome ſhort Notes of mine.
But vvhilſt I'm lovv as earth, ſhort as a ſpan,
Flat as a ſhade, narrovv as Man,
The height, length, depth, and breadth of Love to meaſure
I have nor ſkill, my God, nor leiſure.
Love, that's as high, as Heav'n, for thence it came,
And thither vvith it bound I am.
Love, that's as long, as length; eternity
Muſt ſay, hovv long, for ſo can't I.
Love, that's as deep, as Hell, for thence it took
Me; and the day's dovvn in my book.
Love, that's, as broad, as ſin, that ſpreads all over;
Yet, Lord! thy Love my ſin doth cover.
The Aſtronomer, vvhat Houſes ſtars do keep,
Can tell, the diver gage the deep;
But I, poor Chriſts-Croſs Schollar, cannot ſpell
LOVE, though a monaſyllable.
Lord I could be content, mine earth might turn
To aſhes, ſo my ſoul might burn,
And all my povvers become one Holocauſt,
Reaching thy Love and life at laſt;
Lord, ſtir this fire And raiſe it higher.
Here's a poor broken heart, a Sacrifice,
VVhich yet thou'ſt ſaid, thou'lt not deſpiſe,
I bind it on thine Altar, in deſire,
Heav'ns favour ſet it all on fire!

Lord

Lord, ſhall I ever be a Queſtioniſt?
Help me commence in Love to Chriſt:
Or ſtill incept'ring? paſs a grace, mine heart
May once be maſter of this art.
But as I ſaid, methought, I heard one ſay,
Avvay, bold Freſhman, you muſt ſtay
Your time; there's many 'n act, e're this degree,
And here there muſt no hudlings bee.
Lord, if it muſt be ſo, my novv Condition
I tender to thine ovvn Tuition,
Till I have better arguments to prove,
I'm more proficient in thy Love.
Charge thy ſelf vvith me. Me and all, that's mine,
Subject I to thy Diſcipline.
Lord, I vvill have no mind diſtinct from thee,
VVho giveſt all, that's thine, to mee.
If others aſk me, can you vvalk abroad?
I'le anſvver: go and aſk my God.
VVhere thou ſaiſt, go, though fleſh and blood ſay, ſtay,
I'le creep, if I can't run that vvay.
Or if I, as I fear, I ſhall, tranſgreſs
This lavv of Love, I novv expreſs;
I'le humbly ſtrip my ſelf next ſerious thought,
Till thou haſt vvhipt me for my fau't;
Then kiſs thy rod, And cry, my God!
Then if thou ſmile, thy favour, Lord, ſhall be
Like rain upon movvn graſs to me,
Or like vvarm Sun-beams, that ſucceed ſome ſhovver,
Till joyes poor Bud's a full-blovvn flovver;
But I vvill vvatch, leſt ſome, *Old Adam* ſeed
VVith joyes fair floyver put forth ſome vveed,
VVhich, vvhen't firſt peeps, thy vveeding knife I'le borrovv,
Leſt the ground harden by to morrovv.
I'le mark thine eye; a better brighter Star,
Than that, that guides the Mariner.
My dull remiſneſs, Lord, thine eye ſhall vvhet
To more obſervance, vvhen ſharp ſet.
Thy quick and haſty look ſhall quicken mee;
I'le avvay to my Book, or knee.

I'le

I'le chide my buſie play-fellovvs; Away,
My maſter frovvns; I dare not play.
Lord, I'le ſee by thine eyes; thine ev'ry beck
Shall be my bridle, curb and check.
The *VVatch*, thou giv'ſt me, I'le keep for thy ſake:
And vvind it up vvhen e're I vvake.
The *Book*, thou gav'ſt me, that blood-guilded Book,
I'le ever, ever in it look,
Till I find thee there, and my ſelf thy beauty,
And learn to knovv and do my duty.
Then ſhevving to others, See the token, Love,
I'le ſay, hath ſent me from above:
Keeping the cleaner hands, that I may not
Diſcolour it vvith any ſpot;
Unleſs a tear Drop here, or there.
The taſk, thou ſetſt me, Lord, I'le not complain t
Thy vvork ſhall be my vvage and gain;
Clean, as I can, I'le do't; if ſullied, then
My tears ſhall vvaſh it o're agen.
Thy ſtrict commands and love-lin'd yoak ſhall be
A neck-chain of pure gold to me.
Thine hardeſt ſayings, vvhen my ſtomacks queazie,
Love ſhall digeſt, and make them eaſie.
Thine is no *Labans*-ſervice, if it vvere,
Let Love tvvo Prentiſhips might bear:
But to be bound, or held in durance by
Thy *Royall Law*, is liberty.
Mine heart ſhall be leſs *looſe*, and yet more *large*,
Be'ng ſtretcht out unto all thy charge;
And vvhere my life falls ſhort of either table,
Love ſhall *fulfill*; for Love is able.
If thou vvilt come, and take an Inventory
Of all, thats mine; I'le not be ſorry:
If thou vvilt ſearch and ranſack all, I have,
I'le help thee, or thine help I'le crave.
If ought, I have, diſpleaſe, or if I doubt,
I vvill, for ſureneſs, throvv it out.
If I can pleaſure thee vvith oughs, that 's mine;
I'le quit my Title, Lord, 'tis thine.

If mine

If mine heart fit thy vvalking, thou ſhalt have it,
If not, yet Love ſhall mend and pave it
VVith ſuch clear ſolid ſtone ev'n all vvithin,
As yet can vveep for ev'ry ſin,
VVaſhing thy feet, VVhen men do't ſee't.
Mine heart, be'ng thus poſſeſt, vvhen ſtrangers come,
I'le ſay, thou'ſt taken up my room;
Then if thou aſk, vvhoſe purſe, or parts are theſe?
I'le anſ'vver, thine, Lord, if thou pleaſe.
If on mine Hour-glaſs thou then lay thine hand,
And aſk, vvhoſe is this running ſand?
I'le anſvver, Lord, the little, 's left, is thine:
But, vvhat's run out, is no more mine.
Or if thou aſk me, vvho are thoſe at th' door?
Smiling on them; I'le ſay, my poor,
I'le *draw my ſoul out*, vvhen thy *Lazar* knocks,
My *Cupboard* ſhall be th' poor mans box.
If others come, like thoſe poor *Greeks*, to mee
VVith a Sir, vve vvould Jeſus ſee,
I'le gladly tell them, vvhere my Lord doth ſup,
Do'ng all I can, to help them up.
If others curſe thee *Shimei* like; if they
Caſt duſt, I'le blovv the duſt avvay
VVith ſighs and groans; if they thine honour ſtain,
I'le vveep and vvaſh it clean again.
Or elſe I'le chide, or fight, if thou ſhalt bid,
(But firſt of all vvith Traytours, hid
At home.) I'le fear no colours, vvhilſt above
Thy Banner over me is Love.
VVho ſues to be a favourite of mine,
I'le aſk him firſt, if he be thine,
If not, I'le pray him, to be reconcil'd
To thee, that ſo my Love to th' Child
May all be found Thine at the bound.
Or, vvhen thy tender Lillie bleeds, my God,
Torn vvith thoſe cruel thorns abroad,
Or rent vvith Shiſmes at home and heart-diviſion,
I'le, vvhat I can, play the Phyſician.
I'le plead vvith thee vvith them; if things grovv vvorſe,
I'le bleed my ſelf to turn the courſe:

VVhen

VVhen I thy Peoples Hearts divided see,
Surely, mine Heart shall broken bee.
Thy Love hath lent me all the balm thats thine,
VVhy should not then thy sores be mine?
My God they shall; but chiefly, when my Passion
Or lust provokes thine indignation.
I'le be reveng'd on one, my self I mean,
And grieve, till thou art pleas'd again.
Passions shall live like *Gibeonites*, their Lavv
To hevv thy vvood and vvater dravv.
So all, I have, shall serve thee, till I knovv,
My Love hath life, and find it grovv.
Lord, I'le account of all, as it conduces
To help Loves grovvth, and serve its uses.
If in the Sunshine of a prosp'rous state
My fire can't burn so clear for that,
Ile rather choose some courteous cloods rerurn,
Then see Loves holy fire not burn.
Or if I fail of ought, I here profess,
And thy rod can't my fault redress,
Rather, then live thy grief, I'le yield to dye,
So Love inflict the penalty,
That paid my score By death before.
If Love yet let me live a grovving debtor,
I'le study hard, but I'le live better.
Live? I mean love; that's the Commandments end,
And that's the life, that I intend.
Though Love vvax cold abroad, and sin abound,
Hard Frost o're spreading all the ground:
Shall th' heat of Kitchin-fire be more increast,
And not thy flames vvithin my breast?
Lord, vvhat's a Silver-tongue, if't cannot talk,
A Golden Leg, if't cannot vvalk?
Faith, that can Mountains move, vvhen 'tis desired?
Or *Martyrdome*, if Love be n't fired?
VVhat, if I give my goods and all my store,
But not in *Love*, to feed thy poore?
But, if in Love a cup of vvater cold,
Though the drink's mean, the *Cup* is Gold.

Love tunes my Pray'rs, makes Praiſes muſicall;
VVhich elſe at beſt but hovvl, or ball.
Love makes tvvo *Mites* to God as acceptable,
As if, to bring tvvo vvorlds, 'tvvere able.
True Love's true beauty, beauties elſe but paint,
No more am I, if Love I vvant.
Lord, help me *put on Love* to keep me vvarm:
To dwell in Love ſecure from harm:
To *walk in Love*, till Love i'th' ſtream do lead
To Love, that is the Fountain head,
Or th' Ocean, vvhich, if I can't comprehend,
I'le plunge into: that in the end
Loſt I may bee, If *loſt*, in thee.

Tet, vvhen I think, vvhat pent and narrovv roome
I'th' Virgins VVomb
The God of Love lodg'd in, methinks, mine heart
May hold its part.
Into mine heart O ſhed thy Love abroad,
My God! my God!
Both be'ng Spirit, vvhat can better ſuit,
Then th' *Spirits fruit?*
Drink, thirſty veſſel! till thou fill, or break;
But never leak:
The broken Heart and truly contrite Breaſt
Holds Love the beſt,
And the beſt Love; a Love, more vvorth, then vvine;
Lord, I mean thine.
Then, as the purpoſe of thy Grace and Love
None can remove,
Let me ſo love thee, as to part and ſever,
Lord, never, never.
Ungirt, unbleſt, vve ſay; my God *Love is*
The bond of Bliſs
And *perfectneſs*; a grace, vvhoſe Bond-men be
The onely free.
VVorks vvithout *Faith* can never, Lord, pleaſe thee,
Nor profit mee.
Faith vvithout *Love*, can't operate, or move,
But *works by Love*.

Love

Love is a Grace, that ſtands her ground in Glory,
That upper ſtory.
Love, vvhen *Tongues*, propheſies, and knovvledge fail,
Ent'ring the Vail,
Poſſeſſeth, as Supream and *higheſt* Grace,
The *Holieſt place*.
VVhen Faith and Hope do thither vvait upon her,
As Maids of Honour,
Sole Love is left, as *Queen* of all the Graces,
In Gods Embraces.
Mean vvhile, Lord, to be *ſick of Love* to thee,
Is *health* to mee.
They, that have not this *ſickneſs*, have a vvorſe,
Thy *plague* and curſe.

If any man love *not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, let him be* Anathema Maran-atha, 1. Cor. 16. 22.

PRAYER.

NExt th' Trinity of *Perſons* and of *Graces*
Mans three-main *Duties* Muſe and Method places.
VVho vievvs my God and Grace in all their Beauty,
Can't (I ſhould think) but take delight in Duty.
But vvho believes, hopes, loves, (I'm ſure of that)
VVill love to Pray, to Hear, to Meditate.
Pray'r's the firſt *breath*, put forth in *crying* then,
VVhen through ſad *pangs* poor ſouls are *born agen*,
Heav'n vvell commends Faiths *midwifery*, and ſayes,
The Child's no *ſtill-born*, for behold, he prayes.
Pray'r is the *rapper* at Heav'ns door, *Faith* knocks,
VVho's there, ſaith *Love* vvithin doors, and *unlocks*.
Pray'r is the *key*; vvhat e're the lock retards,
Pray'r, *oyld* vvith *mourning*, gently ſlips the *wards*
And moves the *Spring*, Gods heart. Doth *Ephraim* mourn?
The *bolt* gives back, Jehovah's bovvels *turn*.
Pray'r is an *Arrow* from a *well-bent* heart;
VVatch the *Returns*, and ſee, vvhat 't vill impart
Of Heav'ns *Intelligence*; i'th' *floods* decreaſe,
This *mournfull Dove* brings th' *Olive-branch* of peace.
Pray'r is the ſacred *Bellows*; vvhen theſe blovv,
Hovv muſically doth faiths *Organ* goe;
Thus Pray'r proves Faith an *Inſtrument*, and Love
Anſvvers to this *wind-muſick* from above,
In ſvveet conſort vvith raviſhing conſent
Upon that *Lute*, (that dear-ſtring'd Inſtrument)
VVhoſe ſtrings are *Bowels* of that *Lamb*, *once ſlain*,
VVho makes the Muſick, bee'ng *Alive again*.
Pray'r is the ſacred *Bellows*, vvhen theſe blovv,
Hovv doth that *Live-cole* from Gods *Altar* glovv!
By Prayer *Love* burns to *zeal*; and hot deſire
Baptizeth the ſouls fevvel all vvith *fire*.

Pray'r

Pray'r breath's the *gale*, vvhileſt Faith doth *navigate*
I'th' brittle *bark* of mans frail mortal ſtate:
Good Hope's the *Cape*: fair *Haven*, and fair *wind!*
VVhilſt Faith, in pray'r, ſteers the *low ballaſt* mind.
Pray'r is Faiths *Limbeck*, there the Promiſe lies
And thence *diſtills*; mock not Pray'rs *watry eyes*.
On th' *knees* of Pray'r Faith brings forth *Promiſes!*
As *Bilha* ſometimes bare on *Rachels* knees.
Pray'r is Faiths *Bucket*, (Pray'r doth upvvard move,
Dravving its *waters* from thoſe *wells above*)
Chain'd to that *Bucket* of the *Bleſſing*, ſo,
That that *comes down*, as this doth *upward go*.
Pray'r is Faiths *Pump*, vvhere't vvorks till th' vvater come,
If't come not free at firſt, Faith *puts in ſome*;
Some truly penitential *tears*; and then
Pumping the *Promiſe*, payes it ſelf agen.
Pray'r is the Chriſtians *Pulſe*; Pray'r inſtantly
The *Temper*, or *Diſtemper* vvill deſcry.
Some *read*, ſome *ſing*, and ſome their *pray'rs* can *ſay*,
He's an *Elias*, that his pray'rs can pray.
Pray'r, lifting up its *holy hands*, can dart
To He'ven that hand-granado of the Heart,
Of the *whole Heart*, vvhich, kindled vvith *deſire*,
In *ferbent* motion *breacks*, ſets Love *on fire*:
Compaſſions *burn*; He'ven ſuff'ring violence,
Grovvs, to *ſurrender* unto man, propenſe.
Pray'r's a chief piece of Faiths *Artillery*:
Take a *right ground*, mount *Pray'r*, aym *right*, let *fly*.
Doth Heav'n hold out? let Heaven hear from Faith,
VVhat force Pray'r *home charg'd* vvith a Promiſe hath.
Doth Hell aſſault? let *ferbour* fire this Gun,
And the *report* ſhall make bold *Legion* run.
Pray'rs Rhetorick *commands*, vvhen't *begs*, and ſo
Makes moſt *victorious*, vvhom it brings moſt *low*.
Pray'r *lifteth up the Eyes, Hands, Heart*, vve ſee;
VVhen Pray'r moſt humbly doth *bow down* the knee.
Pra'r makes Man *Prince with* God; doth *Jacob knetl*,
Saith King of *Glory*, Riſe up *Iſrael!*
Pray'r, in the *ſilent Hannah*, loudly *ſpeaks*;
Pray'r both *Manaſſe's heart* and *priſon* breaks.

Elijahs Pray'r doth *pierce* the *braſſie* ſkies;
And makes the *Tears* to ſtand in *Heavens eyes*.
'Tis not an *armed Amalek*, can ſtand,
VVhen Pray'r lift up a *Moſes's naked Hand*.
As *Thunder-ſtruck* Philiſtines once did fall,
Dovvn tumbles *Rain*, and th' *Enemy* vvithall
At th' Lightning Legious pray. Oh! vvho can vvar,
VVhere *private Souldiers* ſuch *Commanders* are?
Pray'r, bee'ng aboard the great Leviathan,
In vvhoſe cloſe Cook-room *Jonah's* ſhipt, poor man!
Makes *Land*, runs th' *Hull* on ſhore, und open breaks
The Pris'ners vvay, by *blowing-up* the Decks.
Pray'r undertakes to diſcipline the *Sun*,
To teach that *Giant* Poſtures, vvhen to Run,
VVhen to *Retreat*, to make a Halt, to ſtand.
At praying *Joſhua's word of Command*
This rovvling Eye in Heavens brovv ſtands ſtill,
VVondring to ſee Faiths Pray'r thus vvork its vvill.
Fifteen Degrees, vvhen *Hezekiah* pray'd,
His *Life*, and ten the *Sun* ran retrograde:
Thus *Pray'r* prevails in *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Seas*;
Add but its conqueſt over *Hell* to theſe,
Hovv th' *Ayre* of Pray'r *choakes* the ſerpentine brood
Of that old crooked *Dragon* in the *flood*,
Sin. Satans *ſpawn*, and hovv the inteſtine *Thorne*
Is by true Pray'rs *compunction* out-vvorne:
Hovv th' *Meſſenger* of *Satan's* buffeted,
VVho came to *buffet*; hovv the Serpents *Head*
Under the *knees* of Pray'r is *ſqeez'd* at laſt;
And *Beel-zebub* is himſelf *out-caſt*
By the rare force of Pray'r, that grovvs more *ſtrong*
By Faſting, and more *freſh* by vvatching long.
The ſumme of all is, Pray'rs ſtupendious Art,
To bind *Gods hands*, and keep in hold his *Heart*.
Pray'r, importuning this *Sampſon*, hath found
Himſelf revealing, hovv he may be bound;
Ev'n God be *bound*, vvho's infinitely *free*,
Yet ſaith to Faith and Pray'r: Command ye mee.

The Prayer-hearing God, the *Father* is;
The Pray'r-perfuming God, that *Son* of His
(VVith fragrant, fragrant Incense of his Merit)
The Pray'r-inditing God, is God the *Spirit*.
Pray'rs Tears are vvasht in Gods Blood, & its moans
Are *ayr'd* vvith Gods unutterable groans;
Thus Pray'r prevails vvith God: yet Praises shall
Not *Pray'r*; but th' God of Pray'r victorious call,
VVho's *all in All*.

Pray always with all Prayer, *and watch thereunto with all perseverence*, Eph. 6. 18.

HEARING.

FRom Pray'r to Hearing I proceed,
For that prepares for this indeed;
But, vvho from *Hearing* turns his ear avvay,
The Lord *abominates to hear him pray.*
Heark! 'tis Gods *voice*; can man forbear
To hear Him *ſpeak*, that made the *Ear*?
VVhy ſhould the *Head of hearing Ears* make ſhovv,
Since ſuch *Deaf Ears* upon Mans *Hearts* do grovv?
Heav'n did to poor Mans miſery
Give *ear*, before he gave the *Cry*.
Methinks, a Saviours vvords ſhould all ſound loud,
Acuted vvith the *Accents* of his Blood.
VVhat vile *Diſhoneſty* appears
By Mans diſgracefull *loſs of Eares*?
And yet let *Syrens ſing* and Satan *knock*;
Mans Heart can *bear* too light, too ſoon *unlock*;
No *Cords* can *hold*, or *Lufts* be *bound*,
Till *All* is *over-board* and *drown'd*,
VVhen th' Serpent *charms*, this *Adder* hears, but vvhen
Heav'n *charms* more vviſely, th' Ears are *charm'd* agen.
Moſt vvhat I ſee a monſtrous ſight,
Moſt have *two Ears*, yet neither's *Right*,
God gave them *two*, yet they'l by no means lend
So much, as *one*, to ſuch a bounteous Friend.
Sure, ſuch a Friend vvould ſoon *repay*,
By *giving ear* to vvhat they pray.
God ever takes up Ears on *Intereſt*,
And doth his greateſt *Creditors* pay beſt.
They teach their very *Ears* to pray,
VVho *liſten* well vvhat God ſhall ſay.

The

The *uncircumcis'd in Ear* bid God deny,
Refusing Him, that speaketh, vvhen they *cry*.
The *Deaf-ear'd Idol* is abhord,
And *Men*, like Idols, of the Lord,
VVho *deafness* plagues vvith *deafness*, and doth turn
His *Ear* from *Dives*, vvhilest his *Tongue* doth burn.
Lord, therefore to *Deaf Hearers* give
To *live to hear*, to *hear and live*.
Tea, into th' *Harvest* send forth *Labourers*
To fill thy *floor* by gathering in of *Ears*.
Thou sovv'st thy *VVord* as *Seed*, and then
'Tis fit, thou reap the *Ears* of *Men*,
As *Mary weeping* heard, till *showrs* of tears
Full *ripe* for thine ovvn *reaping* made her *Ears*.
VVhat *Heapes* shall in thy *Garners* bee,
VVhen *Ears* are *circumcis'd* by Thee?
Fair *Sion* shall be like an *heap of VVheat*,
That *round about with Lillies is beset*.
VVhen *Malchus* lost an Ear, thy *touch*
(A Saviours skill and vertue's such)
Repair'd that Loss: Lord, 'tis but *Ask* and *Have*;
Thou canst find *Ears* in *Lazarus* his *Grave*.
Thou, *Davids Heir* of *Davids Keys*,
Canst *shut* and *open*, as thou please,
Thy still voice loud *winds* and proud *waves* obey;
Unto thy VVord let not *Mens Ears* say *Nay*.
Thou didst a *Pris'ner* once impovv'r,
(*Judge Felix* bee'ng *Auditour*)
To give the *Charge*, that took the Judge by th' *Ear*,
More *Bonds* did then on th' *Bench*, then *Barr*, appear.
VVhen Heav'ns great Guns from *tire* to *tire*
According to thy VVord *give fire*,
Kadesh doth tremble; *Hindes* do *calve* for fear;
The *howling* Desarts and *deaf* Rocks give ear.
And is Mans *Heart* more *wild*? more *hard*?
More *full of noises*? stronger *barr'd*?
Tet is the Ear the *key-hole*: Lord, put in
Thy *finger*, then the gentlest vvord vvill vvin.
All *turns* and moves; One *Eph-phatha*
Removes obstructions out of th' vvay;

Then th' Ear ſhall vvelcome every *ſecond word*
VVith a *Come in, thou bleſſed of the Lord!*
The Scriptures ſpeak of th' *Learned* Ear;
Sure, then thy *tongue* muſt *teach* to hear,
Morning by morning let thy *Muſick* make
The *heavy Ears* of Mans dull mind to *wake.*
If *Sons of God*, fair *Angels*, ſtand
VVaiting the *Son of God's* Command,
(VVhich, vvhen it comes, vvho ſees theſe Holy things,
Might ſee their *Ears* converted into *wings.*)
If the *Deaf Devil* lends an *Ear*,
Not led by Love, but forc'd by Fear,
And if the *Sword*, *Plague*, *Famine* onely knovv
By hearkning to his VVord their *Come* and *Go*;
In vain doth poor Man ſtop his Ear,
And ſay in's Heart, hee'l never hear.
Harveſts bring *Ears*; and ſuch is the *VVorlds end*:
Graves muſt find *Hearers* then; The *dead* attend.
Then Happy he, that ſooner heard,
Hearing before *for afterward*;
God had his *Ears* on Earth, and doubtleſs he
Shall vvith *full ſheaves* repaid in Heaven be.
If *Sol'mons Servants* vvere ſo bleſt,
That *conn'd* their *Leſſon* from his *breaſt*,
Hovv happy 're thoſe *Diſciples* then, vvhoſe *Ears*
Are tun'd to the *true Muſick* of the *Spheares?*
VVhere the *Firſt Mover* is *Free Grace*;
Free Purpoſe moves i'th' ſecond place;
Third *Orbe's* the *VVord of Grace*, in vvhich do ſhine
As many *Stars*, as *Promiſes* Divine.
Theſe Leſſons ſo divine, ſo good,
(The *Orbes* bee'ng *oyl'd* in Saviours *blood*)
Do ſo divinely correſpond, that ſo
Needs muſt the *Hearer* the *Diviner* grovv.
Then comes that holy *Turtle Dove*,
Gently deſcending from above;
And ſtealing through the *Earth-hole* into th' heart,
Doth *Heavn's Intelligence* on Earth impart.
This is a *joyfull ſound* indeed,
VVhat *Halcyon*-dayes ſhall hence ſucceed!

VVhileſt

VVhileſt *Thunders* terror makes Deaf Rebels quail,
Chriſts voice to his Diſciples is *All hail!*
If God, that rules all other vvhere,
Lov's ſo to move the *Orb of th' Ear*,
Sure, then the *Bleſſed* of the Lord are they,
That *hearing* hearken, *hearkening* that obey.
The humble Hearer may invite
God gueſt-vviſe to a diſht Delight,
A fervent *whole-broke-heart*, ſerv'd up in *Tears*,
The *Bread* bee'ng made o'th' *contrite hearers Ears*.
Nay, God invites himſelf to *ſup*,
VVhere ſuch delights are ſo ſerv'd up
By a *clean hand*: vvhere th' *ear* and the *heart's* kept hot,
God is Mans *Gueſt*, and Heav'n vvill pay the *ſhot*.
A letter H. is not, ſay vve,
Let *Hearing* then mine *Earing* be.
Thou God of *Iſrael? bore* thy *Servants Ear*,
That I in it this *Jewel* ſtill may *wear*

Let every one be ſwift to hear, *But be ye doers of the VVord, and not hearers onely, deceiving your own ſouls*, Jam. 1. 21, 22.

MEDITATION.

I Come to ſing the laſt, but not the leaſt,
Be'ng that, that *clencheth* in mans mind and breaſt
Thoſe *Nails*, th' Aſſemblies maſtres drive;
Not t' eat, but to *digeſt*, makes thrive.
Svveet, ſacred thing! Cæleſtial *Contemplation!*
Old *Enochs Trade*, young *Iſaac's Recreation.*
That furniſheſt mans thoughtfull breaſt
VVith Greateſt *VVork*, and Svveeteſt *Reſt.*
Iſrael's *ſweet Singer* us'd, vvhen firſt avvake,
His *Lark-like* Riſe upon thy *wings* to take;
VVith vvich he made his *morning flight*;
Of vvhich his *Feather-bed* at night.
The nimble *Life-guard* of that Royal mind,
VVere *Thoughts*, by thee divinely *diſciplin'd*;
Marſhall'd in each dayes *front* and *rear:*
Greatneſs, thus guarded, knovvs no fear.
VVhen anxious muſings vvould invade that ſoul:
VVhen *Cares* vvould *clog*, or make it ſtomack-ſoul,
Thou didſt *exonerate*, Thy *skill*
Did ſtill prepare the *Stomack pill.*
Thy *Phyſick* having vvrought; and *hungry-health*
Thine *hopefull Patient* re-ſurpriz'd by ſtealth,
Then thou that *honey-comb* didſt drain
And break the *Bone*, that did contain.
The *Fat*, the *ſweet*, vvhich from the *Promiſe* flovves,
(VVhereof the ſenſuall vvorldling nothing knovvs.)
Thus Meditation firſt *ſets right*,
Then *ſatiates* the Souls Appetite.
Man's fed vvith *Manna*, void of ſurfets fear,
VVhere Meditation's *Cook*, *Digeſtion's* clear:
Mortals, thus fed vvith Angels *fare*,
Convefted into *Angels* are.

By

By *Contemplation* vvas that *Darling* dreſt,
VVhen Gueſt-vviſe Heaven bad him to a *feaſt*.
John's cloath'd in ſpirit, vvhen they call
To keep the *Lords Dayes* feſtival.
In *Contemplations Mount* vvho dvell, can ſtretch
Their hand to Heav'n that *ſtarry Crown* to reach:
And dreſs themſelves in that bright *Sun*,
VVhilſt *under foot* they tread the *Moon*.
In *Contemplations* Piſgah they, that have
At once a vievv of *Canaan*, and their grave,
(In this vvorlds *Deſart* vvearied)
Do vvillingly undreſs to Bed.
Svveet ſacred *Meditation!* may I bee
VVrought, *recreated*, *garded* thus by thee:
Phyſick'd and *fed* by thy *Diſpenſatory*:
By thee be *dreſt* vvith Grace, prepar'd for Glory!

I.

THen learn, O man! to part betvvixt
Dead Earth, and th' earth, vvherevvith thou'rt *mixt*:
Sure, *VValls of Clay* may higher riſe,
Then vvhat in earths *dead dungeon* lies.
The Soul vvith Earth's already clad,
Earth upon earth vvould make more ſad.
Shall *wings* make maſſie *Mountains* fly?
Shall *hands* ſtitch *Earth* unto the ſky?
Then *dung-hill drones* ſcale *Heaven* may,
And *Muck-vvorms* creep i'th' *Milkie way*.
To carry *Earth* to *Heav'n* ſome think:
But muſt *Earth riſe?* or Heaven *ſink?*
Nor Earth, nor Heaven muſt be their prize;
But a *fools* (Mah'mets) *Paradiſe*.
If yet thine Earth to Earth adhere,
Then let the *dead* the *dead* interre:
If thou can't *lift* the inferior part;
Yet, as *Gods Offering*, heave thine *heart*.
Thy *Body's* but thy *Beaſt*, and ſure,
All elſe is but its *furniture*:

Leave then thy *heavy jade* below;
Up to the place, that God shall show!
Earth's ever moving to Earths *Center*;
Man's for a more sublime Adventr:
'Tis pitty, Dust in th' *Aire*, or *Eye*,
Should hinder a *Celestial spie*.
With lumbering Body leave behind
The low, th' ignoble *servile mind*:
Such men, I mean, as can't out-pass
Old *Abrah'ms Servants*, or his *Ass*.
The *secret seeker* onely knows,
What *secrets* Heaven can disclose.
Gods *Holy of Holies* still shuts out
The *vulgar* and *unholy rout*.
In *secrete places* of the stairs
And *clefts of Rocks* lye mine affaires.
Angels will scarce in *crouds* appear.
We say: *The few'r the better cheer*.
If *busie Ants* of mole-hill birth
Promiscuously converse on Earth,
Let th' High-born *Bird of Paradise*,
Scorning the *Earth*, still scale the *skies*.
An *Ant-hill* and *Exchange* agree,
Save, Men the *greater Triflers* be.
Thus mortals *toyl* to live *below*,
Whilest Man by toyl to *Heav'n* might go.
What though thou've been *short-winded*? sure,
Heavn's hill can *Earths green sickness* cure.
Or what needst dread the *Journeyes length*,
Whilest all along thy *way's thy strength*?

II.

BEe'ng thus ascended, *binde* and *slaughter*
Thy sin, thine *Onely child of laughter*.
In this *Mount God will* soon be *seen*,
If some Dear sin don't intervene;
Dear Sin indeed? whilest Angels *fell*
Their *first Estates* for it and Hell.
Dear Sin! whilest for its *husks* men do
Fair Heavens *household-bread* forgo.

A *preſent fleſh* and *future flame*
Is the beſt Income, Sin can name.
'Twas Sin, eclyps'd the Angels Crown,
And what *brought* them, will *keep* thee, *down*.
Man doſt not ſee, how *Cherubs* ſtand
With flaming ſwords on every hand,
From *rape* of ſuch to guard *Lifes Tree*,
As of *dead works* the workers bee?
Ah! *Guilty* ſoul, dar'ſt *look abroad*,
Or *unagreed* dar'ſt *walk with God?*
To reconcile dar'ſt thou aſpire
Thy *droſs* with that *conſuming fire?*
Sure, ſuch *Attonement* ſhall begin,
When *ſin* proves *grace*, or *grace* proves *ſin*.
Since *Earth's* too *dead*, too *dark*, too *low*;
Sure, *Hell* to *Heav'n* ſhall never go.

III.

BEe'ng thus far onward in this *ſteep*,
Would'ſt further *climbe?* then learn to *creep*.
Who try, can tell, th' *Aſcents*, like theſe,
Are the beſt ſcal'd on th' *hands* and *knees*.
Angels firſt *roſe*, then *fell*; and ſo
By growing *too high*, became *ſo low*.
But *Chriſt* did raiſe his *Royal Creſt*
By building ſuch a *lowly neſt*;
The *Phariſee*, that nothing knows
Of the *true Temple*, boldly goes
Into its ſhadow, there to boaſt,
Reckning proud fool *without his Hoſt*.
The *Publican* doth ſmite upon
His *Heart*, as if 'twere made of *ſtone*:
Which *ſtone* deſpiſed, though't lay below,
Did to a *Temple* ſooner grow.
Unto Gods Altar *nakedneſs*
God ſuffers to have no acceſs:
Th' indowments of mens minds we call
Their parts, importing therewithall,
No man of parts can *decent* be,
Unleſs *cloath'd* with *humilitie*.

The

The *Highest* to the *low* gives grace;
VVho *veil* their ovvn, shall *see* his face.
In dust and ashes *self abhor'd*
Are the *accepted of the Lord.*
Most *staring* fair-fac'd *Dina's* are
Sooner *undone* for being *fair:*
The *veil'd Rebekah Isaac* takes,
And his dear bosom-consort makes.
Hovv can a *near acquaintance* grovv?
VVhilest God proud hearts *far off* doth knovv:
Proud hearts *know not themselves*, and then
Sure, Heav'n must needs be out of *ken.*
VVhilest the *void Aire* and vvorthless vvind
Brooks no vvay to be *down confin'd*,
Earthquakes must all things overthrovv
Rather, than empty air keep lovv;
Gems, Jewels; India's *Treasures*, dvvell
In meanest Caverns *low roof'd* Cell.
Thus from the *Pots* the Lord doth take
And into Crovvns his *Treasures* make.
VVould'st then be profited by mee,
From *earth, sin*, and *proud self* get free.
Tet 'tis a *Trinity* indeed,
After the vvhich vvith vvinged speed
I vvould pursue, and ever may
Both *Body, Soul*, and *Spirit*, pray.
He, vvhom I seek, and ever shall,
Is *THREE*, and *ONE;* and *ONE* and *ALL.*

Meditate *upon these things, give thy self wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all.* 1. Tim. 4. 15.

BRITISH MUSEUM 16 JL 1901

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Pag. 5. lin. 28. read: *Hee's.* p. 8. l. 17. r. *forth.* l. 18. r. *of.* p. 10. l. 6. r. *feather'd.* p. 13. l. 4. r. *Name.* p. 20. l. 22. r. *fit:* p. 23. l. 13. r. *set to the.* p. 30. l. 40. r. *thou dost.* p. 38. l. 40. r. *Beeing.* p. 40. l. 32. r. *make Heaven.* p. 44. l. 7. r. *He doth.* p. 79. l. 5. r. *Dragons.* p. 80. l. 24. r. *doom.* p. 83. l. 30. r. *daily.* p. 91. l. 37. r. *learnt to.* p. 103. l. 5. r. *God of.*

The